The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1914.

Summary of the News

Rumor with regard to the Mexican situation has spoken with more tongues even than usual during the past week. Gentlemen who formerly adorned Gen. Huerta's Cabinet have fallen into the habit of arriving at Vera Cruz with authoritative but wholly contradictory reports as to the Dictator's intentions. From the protocol which Huerta addressed to the newly assembled Congress on July 8 it was understood that he intended shortly to retire from the Presidency, and the appointment on Saturday of Dr. Carbajal as Minister of Foreign Affairs was thought to indicate that he would be Huerta's successor. The fact remains, however, that Gen. Huerta is still the ruling power in Mexico City, and as we write there comes yet another report from Vera Cruz that he has asserted to the Senate that he has no intention of withdrawing from the Presidency.

There seems to be less reason than ever to suppose that Gen. Carranza will appoint delegates to confer with those of Huerta on the question of the Provisional Presidency. The present intention of the Constitutionalists is obviously to come to terms only in Mexico City itself, and the plans of the principal leaders appear to be going forward for a simultaneous advance on the city. Guadalajara was captured by the troops of Gen. Obregon on July 9, and Guaymas, the most important seaport of Sonora, was abandoned by the Federals on the following day. Preparations are now being made for an attack on San Luis Potosi, and with the fall of that place the way will be open for the final combined march of the three armies, under Gonzales, Villa, and Obregon, on Mexico City.

Rumors have persisted of continued difficulties between Villa and Carranza, and there have been frequent reports that the former was about to set up an independent republic in northern Mexico, but these reports have lacked substantiation, and it seems improbable that any differences that may still exist between the leaders will be allowed to interfere with their plans. An interesting statement by Gen. Carranza was published in the papers on Sunday, in which he reviewed the entire situation and outlined his future policies. At the same time a statement was given out by his private secretary affirming the re-establishment of complete harmony among the Constitutionalist leaders.

As a result of the unsettled conditions in Hayti and Santo Domingo, the Administration on Monday announced that 700 marines would be sent to Guantanamo, Cuba, to be held there in readiness for a movement into either country. The official announcement of the dispatch of this force explains that it is sent in case of emergency, so that it shall be available for the protection of life and property. Emphasis is laid on the fact that the measure is purely of a precautionary nature.

A resolution was passed by the National Education Association on July 9 recording its belief in the principle of political equality for both sexes.

On July 9, Mr. Page, the United States Ambassador in London, announced in a speech that a new treaty was being concluded between this country and Great Britain whereby a commission was to be set up to which either Government might refer any question arising between them.

The bill providing for a new form of territorial government for the Philippine Islands was laid before the House on Saturday. The bill, which does not set any specific date for the independence of the islands, provides for the creation of a Filipino legislature consisting of two branches, which may pass laws for the government of the islands, but shall not have power to pass any legislation affecting trade regulations, tariff revenues, or currency, nor shall it legislate concerning the disposal of public lands or of mining rights, except with the approval of the President of the United States.

The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the affairs of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway was handed down on Monday. The Commission holds the old management of the railway to have been criminally negligent and subject to prosecution under the Sherman Anti-Trust and other laws. It estimates that between $60,000,000 and $90,000,000 was lost through reckless financing, and has referred to Attorney-General McReynolds a complete record of the testimony taken before the Committee. Comment on the matter will be found elsewhere.

The part which Col. Roosevelt will play in the election of a Governor of New York State appears, after all, not to have been definitely settled by his thrice repeated denial that he himself would be a candidate. Neither Mr. Whitman nor Mr. Hinman possesses, in the Colonel's estimation, the ideal qualities which alone can deserve Progressive support in a fight for the Governorship, and there seems to be at least a possibility of the discovery being made that only one man in the Progressive party is the fortunate possessor of those attributes. Should the Colonel, after all, be persuaded to present himself as a candidate, he can rely on the support of ex-Gov. Sulzer, who declared recently that he would not be a candidate if Col. Roosevelt should enter the field, adding that he would not "do anything to hurt the Colonel."

The Boston Circuit Court of Appeals, on July 9, handed down its decision in the Dolan case, concerning which we publish elsewhere an informing letter from our correspondent in Paris. The Court of Appeals reversed a decision of the United States District Court in Boston, sentencing Henry Munroe, a banker doing business in New York and Paris, to ten days in jail and a fine of $250 for refusing to produce checks filed with his firm in Paris by Miss Dolan, a dressmaker, who was accused by the customs authorities of undervaluing certain goods purchased in Paris. The interest of the case lies in the fact that had the banker complied with the demand of the Treasury and produced the checks his firm in Paris would have violated the French law under which it carries on business.

The report of the Commission, under the presidency of Lord Mersey, which has investigated the sinking of the Empress of Ireland by the collier Storstad, in the St. Lawrence River on May 29, was published on Saturday. The Commission finds that the Storstad was to blame for the disaster, the collision having been brought about by its change of course during the fog. The action of the third officer of the collier in changing the course of the vessel without instructions from his superior and in failing to call the captain when he saw fog coming on is characterized as "wrong and negligent."

Speaking in the House of Commons on July 10, Sir Edward Grey issued a warning to China that trouble is likely to result from its refusal to sign the convention in regard to what territory shall compose Outer and Inner Tibet which was reached recently at Darjeeling. "If China does not sign," said Sir Edward Grey, "but resorts to an aggressive policy, the consequences must be disastrous for China."

The situation in Ireland, on which we comment elsewhere, remains unchanged, and the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, which took place on Monday, passed off without any untoward incident. On the same day Mr. Asquith announced in the House of Commons that he could not say when the amending bill to the Home Rule bill, which left the House of Lords yesterday, would be introduced in the Lower House.

The new French loan of 805,000,000 francs, which was issued last week, according to a statement of the Ministry of Finance, was over-subscribed forty and one-quarter times.

The French Chamber of Deputies on July 8, by a vote of 461 to 35, passed the appropriation bill for 2,000,000 francs to cover the expenses of an official French exhibit at the Panama exposition.

Prince William of Wied is still Mpret of Albania, but his position appears to grow daily more unenviable. The Mussulman insurgents have been almost uniformly successful and on Monday, following close on the taking of Koritsa last week, news came of the capture of Berat, an important town thirty miles northeast of the port of Avlona.

Elections for the Upper House of the Danish Parliament, held on July 10, resulted in an assured majority for the Government on the question of the amendment of the Constitution on a democratic basis.

The deaths of the week include: Ex-Senator Edwin Bailey, July 8; Henry R. Emmerson, Fred A. Busse, Brig.-Gen. Garrett Lydecker, July 9; Prof. Julius Rodenberg, Lady Hardinge, Melville E. Ingalls, July 11; Justice Horace H. Lurton, Capt. Edwin V. Gager, July 12; Earl of Ellesmere, July 13.

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The Week

There was much jesting about Secretary Bryan's "peace treaties" with Salvador and Denmark; but it is now his turn to be amused. One can imagine the gratification with which he looks forward to showing honest scorners that the list runs from Salvador to Great Britain and France. "These documents to which M. Jusserand and Sir Arthur Spring-Rice have just set their hands —is there anything ridiculous about them? They enunciate the identical principle on which your despised little Salvador joined me." The cabled editorial comments of the London *News*, the feeling at the peace centenary meeting at which Ambassador Page last week announced the virtual conclusion of the new treaty, supplementary to the old arbitration agreement, must indicate a general British sentiment towards it and its spirit. Certain of the weeklies have inclined to question its worth. They call attention to the fact that the "peace treaty" provides for no arbitration; that it merely binds two nations to refer to an investigating commission, for one year, any question not affecting national honor; and that even the report of this commission is not binding, although it is to be published to the world. They ask whether so weak an agreement will halt excited nations. But others are favorable, and John Bassett Moore, whose erudition was so set off against Secretary Bryan's amateurishness, pronounces the treaties an advance on anything before them.

Mr. Bryan's statement of the Colombia situation is a simple, direct, and in the main effective presentation of the case in favor of the pending treaty. What he says about the form in which the expression of regret is made cannot be said to be of much force; the expression is unfortunate, and the fact that it is "identical in meaning and almost identical in words" with that in Mr. Dubois's memorandum has little to do with the question. But the facts bearing on the substance of the treaty are quietly and concisely set forth, and any objection to the treaty is bound to take cognizance of them. That Colombia is anxious to submit the question to arbitration; that, as we will not arbitrate, we are in honor bound to satisfy fully any just claim on her part; that she has "suffered great financial loss in the separation of Panama from her"; that what we offered Colombia before separation was not only $10,000,000 down, but in addition $250,000 a year for one hundred years, the capitalized value of which annuity may fairly be set down at $7,500,000; and that this total of $17,500,000 was offered for the canal route only, Colombia retaining the State or Department of Panama—these are the elements of the case, as Mr. Bryan states it. And he concludes with an appeal for the settlement proposed in the treaty on the ground not only that it is just, but that this nation "*can afford to be generous in the settling* of disputes, especially when by its generosity it can increase the friendliness of the many millions in Central and South America with whom our relations become daily more intimate."

The troubles in Santo Domingo and Hayti are evidently very serious, and such as to justify our Government's sending of a considerable body of marines to Guantanamo, to be ready for an emergency. "The United States," says a Washington dispatch, "is particularly interested in the affairs of the Dominican Republic because of its present capacity as receiver and disburser of Dominican customs and revenue." For several years, the custodianship of the Dominican custom houses by the United States seemed to operate as a sovereign specific for the disease of revolutionism in Santo Domingo; but it has now for some time been apparent that this policy has not the infallible virtue predicted for it when it was adopted. The experience is significant in relation to other disturbed regions in which we may be tempted to adopt a similar course upon the inducement offered by its supposed ease and simplicity.

In order to understand the nature of the Interstate Commerce Commission's report on the finances of the New Haven Railroad —especially the conclusions regarding civil and criminal liability of the directors in office during the period reviewed—it is necessary to recall the Congressional instructions under which the investigation was pursued. In the Senate resolution of February 7, the Commission was directed not only to make public facts in its possession regarding the New Haven's financing in that period, but to reopen its inquiry into the company's affairs "with a view to ascertaining" these four points: "First, what became of the funds of said company invested in the various enterprises and corporations" with which, or through which, the New Haven had operated; "second, whether the person or persons authorizing such investment of the funds of said company, and the person or persons receiving the benefit thereof, are liable to punishment under existing laws; third, whether under existing law such funds so invested can be recovered on behalf of the stockholders of said company; fourth, what legislation, if any, is necessary to prevent the recurrence of similar transactions." It will be seen from these citations that, in its recommendations as to suits against the then existing directors—the part of the report which seems to have startled Wall Street—the Commission merely followed explicit instructions. When the full text of the report is examined, in the light of these instructions, it will be seen that its information as to what became of the funds expended in the various undertakings is somewhat fragmentary. The Commission submits, as a "reasonable estimate of the loss" to the New Haven "by reason of waste and mismanagement," a sum "between $60,000,000 and $90,000,000." This loss is specifically assigned to the acquisition of the Boston & Maine, the purchase of the various Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island trolley companies, and the New York, Westchester & Boston deal.

In its summary of the facts in this unhappy New Haven matter, and in its very severe arraignment of the Mellen administration, the Commission merely repeats in greater detail the conclusions drawn by all thoughtful readers of the recent sensational testimony. Mr. Mellen is not spared; the Commission rightly refuses to permit him to hide his responsibility behind the imposing figure of the late Mr. Morgan. There is no blinking the grave responsibility of the powerful Wall Street interests on the company's board, and, in face of the evidence, there could not be. But Mellen was both director and president; the practices of his management extended not merely to the "Westchester deal" and the "Rhode Island trolley purchase" (for which he voted, though declaring his disapproval of the terms), but to the devious financial methods exposed in every direction, to the expenditure of the company's funds for subsidizing the press and "educating public opinion," to the payment of unitemized vouchers, to the Billard legerdemain, and, finally, to the bold and publicly avowed purpose of establishing a transportation monopoly in New England, regardless of the laws which Mellen perfectly well knew stood on the statute books. Under such circumstances, his comment that the Commission's findings are "the report of a political tribunal, made for political purposes," is nothing short of impudence.

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We regret to have been led by an erroneous Associated Press dispatch into doing President Wilson a serious injustice. We spoke of civil-service reform having been "wounded in the house of a friend" through President Wilson's order exempting from the rules the new "commercial attachés." The dispatch on which our comment was based was very explicit, speaking of "the fourteen commercial attachés authorized by the new Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill." The fact is that the fourteen posts to which the President's exemption order refers are not those of commercial attachés abroad, but those of commercial experts in the Department of Commerce, which have nothing to do with the positions about to be created in the Appropriation bill. And we learn tnat the reason for the exemption of these posts is that the experts required for the specific purposes in question could not be procured under the civil-service examination, and that there was no list of eligibles. As for the new commercial attachés, if we had had clearly in mind the history of the Appropriation bill we should have remembered that these places were—much to our regret—not placed under the civil-service rules, but expressly put outside the classified service, and made subject only to examination under direction of the Secretary of Commerce.

The Jones bill, reported Saturday, not merely follows the Democratic pledge that independence be granted the Philippines as soon as a stable government could be established in the islands. It looks to effective steps to bring about conditions that will permit the severance of political relations with the United States. The substitution for the Commission of a popularly elected Senate follows naturally the action of the Administration last autumn in giving the Filipinos a majority in the upper appointed body. The new bicameral Legislature, with full powers of legislation except as regards tariff, currency, and public lands, and the restriction of a Congressional veto, will give the islanders full room to demonstrate their governmental capacity. The suffrage is also enlarged. Under Governor-General Harrison, and with the admirable order that has characterized the Filipinos in the recent uncertain months, the development of a stable government should be rapid. Friends of the Philippines, as well as advocates of caution, may be glad that the eight-year date for independence proposed in the first Jones bill has been dropped. As Commissioner Quezon, who accepts the new grant of autonomy as "a step forward," remarked two months ago, a definite date is not necessary to show that the United States is acting in good faith, and "an indefinite date, if sincerely held in mind, is a great deal better than the establishment of a fixed date which may or may not be thus sincerely held."

Judge Lurton's death, at the age of seventy, closes a career of only five years in the Supreme Court of the United States. The decision with which his name is most conspicuously connected is that of the famous mimeograph case, in which the control of a patentee over the conditions of sale of a patented article was upheld in an extreme form. The Court divided four to three, Chief Justice White being with the minority and declaring the most emphatic opposition to the doctrine laid down in the majority opinion, which was written by Justice Lurton. Such division of the Court has, however, during the past few years been very rare, instead of being the rule in crucial cases, as had seemed to be the fact for a number of years before. What with this change, and the very remarkable contrast which the condition of the Court's calendar presents to what had long been customary, a vacancy in the Supreme Court does not carry with it the disturbance either of mind or of court business which was once associated with it. The Court has so energetically disposed of the cases before it that hardly anything is left unfinished; and, whoever may be chosen to succeed Judge Lurton, there will be little or no speculation as to the effect of the appointment on the decision of any particular case.

Democrats may feel concerned over the impending party losses in Louisiana, but we see no signs of the enthusiasm which the prospect of the corresponding gains might be expected to inspire in the ranks of the "Onward Christian Soldiers." Nor is it likely that such enthusiasm will be successfully manufactured on any great scale, even if the insurgent Louisiana Democrats should succeed in sending to Congress several Representatives labelled Progressive. It is perfectly natural that Louisiana men who have been hard hit by the sugar clause of the Underwood tariff—incomparably the most severe cut suffered by any protected industry—should revolt against the party responsible for it; and everybody knows that it is solely on account of this grievance that the Louisiana men have seceded. That it is "bully" for the Colonel is undeniable; indeed, such an accession, however fortuitous, would be welcome to any party leader, to say nothing of a leader—and an ex-President of the United States—who welcomes the *American's* support of his position in regard to Colombia with a "Bully for Hearst!" But as for the new departure being any sign of the advance of the Progressive party's principles in Louisiana, that is not asserted even by those who cheerfully acclaimed Flinn's Progressivism as a pure and beautiful change of heart.

In the *Delinquent*, a monthly published by the National Prisoners' Aid Association, Dr. William Healy, director of the Psychopathic Institute of the Juvenile Court of Chicago, gives some leading results of a five years' study of offenders that have been dealt with by that court. Both the spirit of the paper and the statistical results recorded are in striking contrast with current easygoing pronouncements in similar matters. Dr. Healy has made use of the Binet tests as an aid in the inquiry where they seemed desirable, but he recognizes the sharp limitations to which their utility in this field is subject. The transfer to adults of tests proper in the case of children is characterized as scientifically unwarranted; and Dr. Healy further remarks that "we must remember that no one as yet has given us the results of these tests as applied to hundreds of ditch-diggers, or section hands, who in their lowly spheres form most useful members of society." As for the statistical data, the most interesting are those concerned with 1,000 recidivists, whose average age was about fifteen years. These, says Dr. Healy, have been graded by mental tests most carefully, with the result that 3 per cent. are found to be "considerably above ordinary in ability," 55 per cent. "ordinary or fair in ability," 9 per cent. "poor in ability," 8 per cent. "mentally dull, but suffering from defective physical conditions, or disease, or bad habits, which may be the cause of the dulness"; after which follow the "subnormal," the "feeble-minded," etc., the aggregate of all these classes being 25 per cent. This is very different from the 80 per cent., and 85 per cent., of adult delinquents which have, in certain quarters, been glibly assigned to the class of morons or worse, as the result of a mechanical subservience to the supposedly infallible dicta of the Binet tests. When science applied to human affairs goes hand in hand with a sober and cautious exercise of the thinking faculty, it does not deliver judgments which fly in the face of common sense.

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More evidence that new depression is but old psychology, writ large, comes out of the Middle West. Mr. Ford was duly enthusiastic after his White House interview the other day, but the unnamed Chicago manufacturer who has furnished the President with such a handsome testimonial goes him one better by giving "instructions to immediately increase operation at one of our plants from 75 to fully 100 per cent. capacity." Other plants under the control of the same manufacturer will be operated at maximum capacity "just as quickly as improved conditions permit," but the one plant first mentioned does not need to wait for mere conditions; its paralysis has evidently been psychological. Political opponents will be quick to see in the circumstances of such a conference an admission by the President of responsibility for the state of business health. But all that can really be charged up against him in this respect is confession of responsibility for psychological depression; and with reference to this malady he is displaying all the conjuring power of a medicine-man, provided only he can be brought face to face with the patient in private. As soon as he can develop a method of absent treatment, the Republicans and the Progressives will find one of the historic arguments against Democratic success hopelessly shattered.

Salem is hoping to rebuild her burned section in such a way that, like Chicago and some other cities, she may be able to speak of "the fire" as not altogether a calamity. Beauty as well as safety is to be sought. "Three-deckers," which formerly lined the shore, are to be placed under restrictions which will make them unprofitable; and the land along the harbor line is to be converted into a parkway. Streets are to be widened, according to the plan of the City Engineer, and hundreds of shade trees planted. The City Council has adopted an ordinance requiring all roofs to be of slate or other non-combustible material. Arrangements are being made for an additional supply of water. In this connection the deputy chief of the State Police told the New England Fire Chiefs' Club a day or two ago that Boston or Lynn might be found not to have a water supply adequate to cope with a great fire. He was also of the opinion that a good sprinkler system in a certain building would have averted the conflagration in Salem.

The *Unpopular Review* for July-September confirms the welcome impression given by the preceding issues. In days when shallow dogma and gossiping statistics are uttered with solemnity, it is refreshing to turn to the philosophic breadth, the culture, the poise of most of these essays. Reactionary they will be called by many, which is only another way of saying that they are deliberate. They assert the rights of property, resent needless inroads into the liberty of the individual, exalt the claims of a classical education, and defend other principles which the undiscriminating humanitarian to-day belittles. The vigor and conviction with which they are written furnish encouraging evidence that "high-browism," properly directed, may yet become the truly radical attitude in this country. If the present-day confusion of terms is ever dispelled, it is quite possible that progressives will identify themselves with such energetic protest against headlong propagandas as is evident in this issue of the *Unpopular*.

If theatrical managers took any interest in the opinions of either writers or critics of plays, they would find something worthy of attention in a recent interview with Henry Arthur Jones. In response to an inquiry as to the future of Shakespeare on the English-speaking stage, Mr. Jones was not hopeful. Despite the 139 performances of Shakespearean plays in this city during the past year, he feels that the hold of the great dramatist is likely to grow less and less. The trouble is not that we have swung away from Shakespeare, but that we have failed to keep up the art of speaking blank verse, and have tried to compensate ourselves for this loss by elaborating the scenery. "If we should have great actors speaking blank verse," thinks Mr. Jones, "that would tend to draw the public." But why haven't we great actors, or at all events actors who can speak blank verse? Here our English visitor is inferentially unkind to our managers, for he suggests repertory theatres "where a succession of the best works can be played throughout the season." This, he believes, would tend to raise the standard of both the drama and the acting. "It is only by constant acting in the best plays that great actors and actresses attain the summits of their powers, and it is only by seeing a constant succession of the best dramas that playgoers can have their tastes formed and steadied." Mr. Jones thus again adds his voice to that of the serious-minded dramatic critics in this country. Like them, he is old-fashioned enough to think that it is better to develop great actors than great managers.

With an American winner of the French official prize for the best invention in aeroplane stabilization, and with W. L. Brock victor in the London-Paris and return race, our country has growing cause for pride in its airmen. One reason for the comparative paucity of our records in aviation is the advanced state of European military aeronautics, provision having been made only within the month for the development of our own *corps*. The race which took place on Sunday was an impressive showing of the ease with which great feats are now accomplished. Of four competitors whose machines gave genuine promise, two completed the trip, one was halted when nearly through by the fatigue of a woman companion, and the fourth was on his last lap when a mistake caused by fog dropped him into the Channel. A journey of above 500 miles is thus to be undertaken with all but nonchalant expectation of success. And the last few weeks have been replete with similar achievements. On June 23 a German, Herr Basser, raised Moulinais's duration record of 14 hours 20 minutes to 18 hours 10 minutes, and a week later it was again raised by Herr Landmann, of Berlin, to 21 hours 49 minutes. Since that time a French army dirigible, the Admiral Vincenot, has remained in the air for 35 hours 39 minutes, the previous record having been thirty-one hours, established by one of the Zeppelins.

The celebration in Ulster of the 225th anniversary of the battle of the Boyne passed off without the disorder that had been feared. The celebration, indeed, is stated to have been the quietest held in recent years, the "armies" of both sides having assisted the police in maintaining order. The whole situation appears to be in the highest degree paradoxical. Sir Edward Carson has taken a further step forward in having delegated to him by the provisional government of Ulster the power to decide the moment when armed resistance to Home Rule shall begin, and he has reiterated his oft-repeated warnings to the Government of a day of reckoning soon to come; yet at no time apparently within the past year has there prevailed a greater feeling of hopefulness concerning the outcome of the situation. This hopeful feeling was reflected in a speech delivered on Saturday by Augustine Birrell, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, in which he declared that, although the situation in Ireland was grave, he was never more sanguine than now that a reasonable and proper settlement would be reached.

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THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE.

Events have already shown that it was premature to declare last week that the long-predicted break between President Wilson and the Senate had come. Thus far, it is more of a flurry than a war. It is not the Senate as a whole that is arrayed against the President. Still less is it the Democratic majority in the Senate. To be precise, it is only the Banking and Currency Committee—or, rather, two Democratic members of that Committee, joining with five Republicans to vote to reject the nomination of Mr. Jones as a member of the Federal Reserve Board. The elements of a pretty quarrel are here, confessedly, but we are still very far from anything like war to the knife.

Sharp issues between various Presidents and the Senate have not been infrequent during the past thirty years. Grover Cleveland had something like a fight with the Senate early in his first term. The majority was then Republican; and, skilfully led by Senator Edmunds, sought to make trouble for the new Democratic President in the matter of furnishing papers relating to removals from office. President Cleveland firmly stood his ground; and had little further trouble with the Senate until his second term, when it was tainted with free-silver heresies and sought to thwart his financial policies. President Roosevelt locked horns with the Senate on the question of his railway bill. At first defeated, he was later victorious. These and other breaches between the Executive and the Senate had a good deal of prominence given to them at the time. They take their place, along with minor differences and petty controversies of which the public hears little, in the continued struggle between two powers in our system of government, to determine which is the stronger. One seems to be at one time, another at another. Until the present, Mr. Wilson has been able to work so well in harmony with the Democratic majority in the Senate that he has had the appearance of successfully imposing his will upon the upper house. It is probable that he has yielded in small matters—given away, for example, in details of patronage—more often than most people know. A well-timed sop to a Senator often helps him to see more clearly the merits of some large measure. However that may be, President Wilson has been remarkably successful, until now, in winning the Senate over to all the main features of his policy. It is that fact which makes the vote of the Senate Banking Committee last Thursday seem like his first important check. The correspondents speak of it as a "blow"; but that depends on how it is followed up, and on the question whether any blows are struck in return.

If there is to be a real fight between the President and the Senate over the nominations of Messrs. Warburg and Jones, it must be said that Mr. Wilson is fortunate in the choice of both place and cause of battle. For here is not a case where Presidential "usurpation" can be charged. There is no infringement of the rights or dignity of the Senate. Nor is there even any dispute about an unfair distribution of patronage, as between parties or localities. President Wilson was charged by law with the important duty of selecting the five appointed members of the Federal Reserve Board. He took his time about it, stated that he should regard these highly important nominations as entirely outside the political field, and finally made nominations which commanded almost universal approval. Three of the nominees were soon confirmed, without any fuss. But for some reason the Banking Committee singled out two of them for all kinds of irrelevant and annoying inquiries. Hence the whole trouble. Hence the President's public statement that he stands by the two nominees, and that he expects the Senate to confirm them. With or without an adverse report by the Banking Committee, his position is that the Senate should have a square vote on Messrs. Warburg and Jones, so that the country may know if a man of the peculiar fitness of Mr. Warburg, at least, is to be kept off the Federal Reserve Board for motives which Senators dare not avow.

Was this a genuine *casus belli?* We doubt it. With neither side spoiling for a fight, a way of reasonable adjustment ought to be found. In the case of Mr. Warburg, he has already made sensible and dignified answers in writing to the questions addressed to him by the Banking Committee. If it had any other really important inquiries to make of him, we presume that he would have no objection to responding further in the same way. He simply declines to go in person before the Committee for the purpose of unlimited cross-examination; and in that attitude he has the hearty backing of President Wilson. In the end, it may be hoped that reason and good temper will prevail. Senators who keep their weather-eyes open can hardly fail to conclude that this is an instance where their discretion will be the better part of valor. For the manifestations of public opinion have already been such as to show that, if there actually is to be a fight over the nomination of Mr. Warburg, the great mass of sound sentiment in the country will be on the side of the President.

THE WOOING OF BIG BUSINESS.

Big Business might be excused for falling into the hackneyed "This is so sudden," in presence of the amorous advances which President Wilson made to it last week. It is so long since anybody has thought of it as a beloved object! For years it has suffered not merely neglect, but contumely. It was not permitted to be even a wall-flower in the room where the merry dance of popular agitation was going on: it was shut out of the ball entirely. And now the very master of ceremonies comes up to make proposals of marriage. It is not strange that Big Business blushes with pleasure. So dreary a time has it been since any prince drew near to sigh and look and sigh and look again.

In all seriousness, men of large affairs must have rubbed their eyes as they read President Wilson's statement. Issued primarily in connection with the nominations of Messrs. Warburg and Jones as members of the Federal Reserve Board, it runs far beyond this immediate occasion. It points to an attitude on the part of the President which, if not new, he has not hitherto assumed, and to a party policy which, so far as he is able to dictate it, will be something like a radical change for the Democrats. After all the vehement denunciations of large business companies and their managers, we now have it, on the President's word, that "the vast majority of the men connected with what we have come to call big business are honest, incorruptible, and patriotic." Can such things overcome the heads of corporations like a summer cloud without their special wonder? But more is to come. The President distinctly speaks of an alliance. Not only must the Democratic party be thought of as no enemy to business, big or little, but it is now the duty of statesmen to seek in every way to coöperate with business men of ability and character, with the aim to use "every force for the upbuilding of legitimate business." If Big Business asks more than that, it must be hard to please. As a matter of fact, the reception given to the President's words, both by public men in Washington and by business men everywhere, shows that, if Mr. Wilson's declaration is sincere, it will not be with him a case of unrequited affection.

Mr. Wilson speaks of our having reached a "turning point in our development" which

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demands the adoption of such a policy as he suggests. The phrase is vague. Probably he left it so purposely. It might mean the stage of legislation by Congress which has been reached. It might refer to the trade situation and the agricultural promise. It might have political bearings. Either one, or all together, the result is much the same. The President who has so long been charged with austerely shunning the visits and the counsels of men engaged in the great industries and in commerce, who has been accused of knowing nothing and caring less about business, has now made what is, in effect, a new departure. He invites and welcomes aid from the very class of men on whom, it has been said, the doors of the White House have been closed. Doubtless, Mr. Wilson's friends will protest that this means no real change in him. But it will be received by the country as a radical change. It will be thought of as an obvious political *coup*—fairly Rooseveltian—and the motives and effects of it will be everywhere talked about.

Plenty of reasons for the President's move lie on the surface. Business has been checked for some months, and the result has been, as was inevitable, to make the Administration unpopular. The thing could, to be sure, be explained. There has been something like a world-wide depression. American business has been no harder hit—probably it has suffered less—than business in Germany and England and France and South America. But an impatient people doesn't want explanations; it wants remedies. Moreover, the political calamity-howlers were abroad in the land. The Colonel heard the dismal notes, on his return, and promptly joined in the wailing. A wretched failure of an Administration, this, that couldn't assure prosperity, and see to it also that prosperity was "passed round"! President Wilson has taken no public notice of these ululations from the Colonel, but we may be sure that he has not overlooked them. In laying down broadly his new programme of coöperation with Big Business, he may be thinking of a "turning point" in the sense that the time has now come to turn and rend his political enemies.

The chief question to ask in connection with the President's policy of seeking friendly relations with Big Business is whether it is in itself sound and right. On this point there can hardly be two minds. Prejudice may dissent from the policy, but real thought cannot. A millionaire is a citizen for a' that. The fact that interests are large should not debar them from consideration by a government that is built upon the conciliation and union of all interests. In all this, the President is walking on firm ground. But will he succeed? This is the second and minor question which many will be debating. There can be no sure answer to it except the event. Already Mr. Wilson has succeeded to this extent, at least, that he has shown to the country that he has an open mind. To some people he will have revealed, also, that he is no child in politics. That his Administration is at present unpopular, he must be fully aware. Whether he can recover his popularity, we shall see. It has been said of English statesmen that they are often able to overcome an intense temporary unpopularity, provided that the public has faith in the stanch sincerity of their character. Whatever else Americans think of Woodrow Wilson, they believe he is honest.

RHAPSODY AND REVOLUTION.

The leading place in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July is given to "A Message to the Middle Class," by Seymour Deming. Assuming that the initials "E. S.," attached to the appended article, "A Reply," are those of Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, this place is assigned to Mr. Deming's article not because the editor regards the "Message to the Middle Class" as a sound one, but because it is eloquent, moving, and calculated to arouse emotions which, as "E. S." says, "should make us better men and women." Certain it is that many of those who read Mr. Deming's appeal will be profoundly stirred by it; and they will be helped in recovering their mental balance by the reply of "E. S.," which pits eloquence against eloquence, emotion against emotion. On the largest lines, too, it arrays facts against facts; for over against Mr. Deming's idealization of the movement of the have-nots against the haves, and belittling of all that characterizes "middle class" standards and ideals, "E. S." sets the ugly and sordid aspects of the one and the high attributes and the priceless historic achievements of the other. He does not, however, enter upon any discussion of the general truthfulness of the picture Mr. Deming draws, or of the intellectual integrity of his comments upon it; and it is the lack of such truthfulness, and the absence of such intellectual integrity, that constitute the most essential weakness of the article. We may be swept off our feet for a moment as we read it; but we presently realize that what we have been listening to is not an eloquent presentation of the truth, but a rhapsody poured out by an enthusiast.

Mr. Deming's message, in a word, is that the "middle class," instead of allowing themselves to be ground to powder between the upper millstone of the plutocracy and the nether millstone of the laboring classes, and instead of vainly striving to make themselves part of the selfish and tyrannous little circle of the rich, cast in their lot frankly and whole-heartedly with the vast, human, kindly army of the poor:

> Does it ever occur to you that if your pity drew you to take sides with the oppressed, your unlooked-for reward would be a sudden and overwhelming power to end oppression? Does it ever occur to you that, once you joined forces with the poor (who, you have been told, cannot help you), together you would be suddenly invincible and need no longer dread each other—nor the rich, nor poverty?

Throughout the article, the "middle class" is represented as in a condition bordering on the desperate. Physicians, lawyers, teachers, persons employed in the various forms of salaried work of all kinds, persons engaged in business on their own account upon a moderate scale—all these classes of people are depicted as being shoved to the wall in merciless fashion. Yet there is not the slightest reason to believe that anything of this kind is true. It is true that the birth-rate in the "middle classes" has greatly declined; but that is quite as easily explained—in so far as the explanation is economic—by a rise in our demands for comfort, or ease, or luxury, or culture, or pleasure, as by a fall in the disposable means. As for the "high cost of living" upon which Mr. Deming lays as much stress as upon the declining birth-rate, it never occurs to him, or to any of the writers of his type, that this matter of high prices is an extremely recent phenomenon, that nobody knows how long this phenomenon may last, and that there is no reason to suppose that incomes in the "middle class," as elsewhere, will not adjust themselves to it. Karl Marx is proved to have been diametrically wrong in his predictions of the rapid disappearance of the middle class, made three-quarters of a century ago; but his error, based on broad and deep, though mistaken, considerations, was respectable. What the rhapsodists do is to make the same kind of prediction on the basis of loose assertions which hardly rise above the rank of tittle-tattle.

But it is not in regard to the economic facts that the looseness which characterizes the rhapsodists is most seriously manifested. They represent the society around them as hopelessly degraded, intellectually and

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morally; a position which they find it easy to prove by the simple process of assuming that everybody who does not promote the revolution which they regard as necessary for the world's salvation is either a knave, a coward, or a fool. "The ministers, poor fellows, are bursting with this message—if you would only untie the gag"; so much for them. "If your paper ventured to tell you" this, that, and the other which, of course, Mr. Deming *knows* to be true, "you would stop a paper which printed such seditious blasphemies." As for the colleges, "to expect them to assume a moral leadership which would instantly pitch them into conflict with the rich testator whose favor they are obliged to win is to expect fire to be wet." That preacher, or editor, or college professor may actually be quite honest and intelligent, and even courageous, though taking a different position from his on the state of the world, does not seem to occur to Mr. Deming's mind as a possibility.

How this state of mind interferes with the capacity to see anything straight may be illustrated by two instances. Mr. Deming complains that "the radical clubs in the colleges were started, not by the faculty, but by the students"—a remark absurd enough in itself, since the faculties do not start either conservative or radical clubs; but still more absurd when one considers that the movement towards economic radicalism among the educated classes in this country—and especially among the students themselves—has been in very large measure created by university professors. And speaking of newspapers, Mr. Deming says: "The prophet Isaiah might speak to them with the tongues of men and of angels, and the morning papers would record that 'the prophet Isaiah also spoke.'" Well, we don't know how much space the newspapers might give to the prophet Isaiah; but if we were called upon to name the person who, next to the President of the United States, has been getting most space in the newspapers in the past few months for anything he might happen to say, we should be inclined to guess that it was Upton Sinclair.

OUR MILITARY PROPAGANDISTS.

President Wilson's taking Gen. R. K. Evans to task for indiscreet post-prandial remarks is in line with his rebuke to the officers who took part in the famous Carabao Society dinner. The indiscretions of our generals in their public utterances are not, we believe, paralleled anywhere else. They do not realize, or at least many of them do not, that a man who dons the uniform thereby forfeits many of the privileges of the free-born American citizen; he has to submit to discipline, to being ordered about by others no better than himself; he virtually forfeits his right to vote and to take part in politics, with the right publicly to criticise our Government. These things may be hardships to some natures, but no one is compelled in this country to be a soldier. If one voluntarily enters the profession, he must take the disadvantages with the advantages.

Just how far an officer may go in his public utterances is everywhere a difficult question. In Germany the rule seems to be that if you wear the "gay coat" you may say with impunity pretty much everything you want to, provided you criticise others than your own class and the army. You may call a Socialist any kind of name you please, and all will be well; you may even run your sword through a civilian after you have exasperated him into striking you; all will still be well. It is only when one begins to find fault with the service, or to doubt the wisdom of the existing social order, that disciplinary measures are encountered. Even if one is merely a retired officer, punishment follows speedily. There is complete license to be as autocratic and as militaristic as one chooses. No officer can go too far to suit the powers that be in upholding the military caste, or in demanding more and more sacrifices from every other class in the nation, in order that the military may be supported in greater and greater state and power. In the name of war and peace, national honor and greatness; by the fear of other people's greed and ambition, the doubters are put down and the public lulled into stupid acceptance of it all by the assurance that these military overlords are specialists alone competent to judge what is best for the country.

How shall it be in a republic? What shall be the attitude of the American army officer who believes that the country is bound straight for perdition because, instead of 500,000 men under arms, we have only 80,000; who feels that we are courting national disaster because we do not have at least half a million regulars, a National Guard of 150,000, a reserve of 100,000 graduates of the regulars, military drill in every college, and rifle clubs in every hamlet? Must he choke down his emotions? Is he to be treated like Cassandra and have his dire prophecies of evil entirely ignored, or suppressed, when he can see a frightful *débâcle* like that of Sedan so plainly ahead of us? Or shall he be allowed to agitate, to express his views on all public occasions, to publish his beliefs in special organs, to carry on a propaganda for this, to him, all-important reform? Is the army officer not an expert? Is he not alone competent to advise, like a doctor on medical matters, a lawyer in things legal, an engineer in his particular field of knowledge?

These questions are by no means academic, for we are witnessing at Washington the rise of a most powerful army and navy clique, and a determined effort to rouse the military spirit in this country. There is being carried on in such publications as the *Infantry Journal* a vigorous propaganda for more men, more regiments, more brigades. There is an effort being made to influence the writing of American history so that it shall be treated from the military point of view; and the American Historical Association has fallen in line to the extent of offering a prize for military essays. The nature of the agitation for a huge navy, through the Navy League and in dozens of other ways, is well understood by those who follow its course. Our undergraduates are being drawn in through summer camps; a National Guard lobby of great influence with the press has arisen. And some of our generals, like Leonard Wood and Tasker H. Bliss, go up and down the country urging publicly more men, more arms, more withdrawals of men from productive employment.

To our mind, Mr. Wilson could not easily render a greater service than sternly to check all this militaristic campaign. The indiscretion of Gen. Evans anent the Monroe Doctrine seems of slight importance compared to the systematic efforts to aggrandize the military and naval establishments. The expert argument must not be allowed to prevail. Nearly every army or navy officer stands to profit by every increase in his service, or its power, and no experts that we know of are so uncertain of their science and dissatisfied with its every advance as these. Nobody ever heard of an army or navy officer who thought any nation had troops or ships enough; if there are exceptions, they are too few to count. Germany enormously increased her army last year, but her generals cry for more troops to-day. No other experts are so curiously out of touch with the constructive civilian life of a nation as the military; they care not what the Treasury burden for wars past or present may be; if it is 70 cents out of every dollar, as with us to-day, why, theirs is still the cry of the daughters of the horse-leech.

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If necessary, every other cause may suffer; they wish hundreds of millions each year to prepare for war. For scientific war-prevention in other ways they care not at all; and while their doctrine is peace by virtue of being armed to the teeth, consciously or not it is war that the majority desire (fewer in our army than any other), because it is through war only that imperishable military reputations are made. It would be unjust to cite Capt. Hobson as a typical military prophet, for he has been so wild and unbalanced as to write himself down a joke, or worse. Yet he sees eye to eye with our military propagandists, to whose determined efforts to exalt their own class Mr. Wilson's attention should be directed. He would be thoroughly justified, in our judgment, in rebuking the big-army campaigners among our generals, besides stopping their militaristic propaganda and that of their subordinates.

COUNTING THE COUNTRY'S WORKERS.

That Truth is at the bottom of a well is a saying much older than the United States Census; but it certainly derives added significance from the difficulties which one necessarily encounters in grappling with that vast apparatus of statistics. Nor do we say this in a fault-finding spirit, though we do believe that by devoting more earnest attention to those things which make for facility in the use of the statistics the value of the Census publications might be very greatly increased. The difficulties we have more especially in mind at this moment are those expressly arising from the very effort of the Census authorities to improve their work from year to year, and decade to decade; an effort that is clearly praiseworthy, but which nevertheless carries with it the tremendous drawback of often making comparisons—sometimes comparisons of the most fundamental sort—either meaningless or impossible. Perhaps no part of the Census is of greater and more general interest than that relating to the occupations of the people, classified in all the various ways that are pertinent; and our interest in all this lies chiefly in whatsoever may indicate the tendencies of the time. To know what percentage, for example, of females are engaged in "gainful occupations," or in a particular division of these occupations, is interesting; but of far greater interest is the question how this percentage compares with what it was ten years, or twenty years, ago. And if the classifications, or the instructions given to the enumerators, have materially changed, one must walk extremely warily in making the comparison.

In the brief summary issued for the press of the results of the census of occupations for 1910, it is stated that in that year the number of children from 10 to 15 years of age engaged in gainful occupations was 1,990,225, being 18.4 per cent. of all children of those ages, while in 1900 the number was 1,750,178, or 18.2 per cent.; and the following important remark is added:

> The increase from 1900 to 1910 in the number, and hence in the proportion, of all children 10 to 15 years of age engaged in gainful occupations was confined to children engaged in agricultural pursuits, where the increase was 369,283, or 34.8 per cent., for both sexes; 166,394, or 19.5 per cent., for the males; and 202,889, or 97.9 per cent., for the females. There was a marked decrease from 1900 to 1910 in the number of children 10 to 15 years of age engaged in non-agricultural pursuits. This decrease was 129,236, or 18.8 per cent., for both sexes; 77,666, or 19 per cent., for the males; and 51,570, or 18.5 per cent., for the females.

So far as the question of child labor, as usually understood, is concerned, this is sufficient to prevent false conclusions from being drawn—sufficient to indicate that, so far from child labor being on the increase in non-agricultural callings, it has diminished by a large amount absolutely and by a most impressive amount as a matter of proportion. For it must be noted that this decline of 19 per cent. in the number of child workers was made in the face of an increase of more than 20 per cent. in the population; which means that the proportion of workers from 10 to 15 years of age to the whole number of children of those ages was only two-thirds as great in 1910 as it was ten years earlier.

But turning to the big volume on which the summary is based, we find that the introductory statement clearly and candidly points out that the apparent increase in the figures for the agricultural occupations is so largely due to a change in the method of taking the Census as to make it in the highest degree doubtful whether there was any real increase at all; and this remark applies with even greater force to the enumeration of women in agricultural pursuits than of children in those pursuits. We cannot go into details; suffice it to say that the matter turns chiefly on the greater strictness of the instructions given to the enumerators for the present Census to include all women and children engaged in farm work on their home farms. Thus it turned out that the number of "female farm laborers" in 1910 showed an increase of 129 per cent. over 1900, a result manifestly impossible as a matter of actual fact. The whole subject is treated with entire fairness in the Census report, and an attempt is made to estimate the correction which ought to be applied so as to make the comparison accurate. In the domain of manufactures, trade, transportation, etc., this cause of error does not operate to any serious extent. In enumerating persons who work for wages, or are otherwise regularly employed upon a business basis, there is little room for uncertainty.

Of the whole body of workers for gain in 1910, according to the tables, 21.2 per cent. were females, as against 18.3 per cent. in 1900; and, in spite of the allowances of which we have been speaking, these figures probably represent with a fair degree of correctness the actual increase that has taken place in the proportion of woman workers. Of individual items of interest there is a great multitude. Thus, one is struck with the fact that under the general head "Domestic and Personal Service" there are set down 2,620,000 females in 1910, as against 2,095,000 in 1900, an increase of half a million, or 25 per cent., while the country's population increased only 21 per cent.; but this does not mean a sudden rush into the ranks of female domestic servants, whose number has increased by only 140,000, or 11 per cent. Under professional service, the number of females rose from 828,000 to 1,152,000, or 39 per cent.; and the separate heads under this are of more than ordinary interest. The most striking showing is that of the women physicians and surgeons, who have almost doubled their numbers, being nearly 14,000 in 1910, as against somewhat more than 7,000 in 1900; lawyers are only 1,300, but their gain in the decade was 33 per cent. Of architects we find 302 set down for 1910, as compared with only 100 in 1900. Along with this goes the astonishing increase in "Designers, Draughtsmen, and Inventors," from 941 to 2,828; but when one casts his eye upon the corresponding figures for males, and finds that the jump there was almost as great—from 18,943 to 46,485—one suspects that the classification imp has been at work at this point. It is with the Census figures as it is with so many other things in this troublesome world—if we wish to be sensible, we must steer a course between taking a thing at its face value, and incontinently throwing it into the ditch. The Census is valuable, indeed it is invaluable; but in using it we must constantly keep about us both our judgment and our conscience.

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Foreign Correspondence

THE EXODUS FROM LONDON—THE INFLUENCE OF THE AUTOMOBILE—WOMEN'S PAPERS—LORD BRYCE AT OXFORD.

LONDON, July 5.

The more London grows, the smaller it becomes. For it expands nowadays by sending its own citizens over the border into neighboring counties, and thus reducing its population figures. Within the decennium 1901-1911 there was a net loss of more than half a million persons by migration from the administrative county of London. During this period the region immediately outside London recorded a net gain by migration of 363,000.

These figures are given in a remarkable collection of London statistics just issued by the London County Council. It is the sort of book which every one who makes arithmetic his hobby will take with him to the seaside for his holiday reading. It tells him how many volumes are lent every year by the public libraries, how many meals are supplied free to necessitous children, how much seating accommodation is provided by the theatres, how many persons take a dip in the public baths, how many weights and measures are examined by the inspectors, how many hours of sunshine London enjoys week by week, which of the metropolitan boroughs has most bachelors, and which of them the fewest widowers.

In spite of the density of population, nearly 9 per cent. of the total area of London is occupied by parks and open spaces, but the proportion varies greatly in the different boroughs. More than 25 per cent. of Westminster is open space, whereas congested Shoreditch has less than 2 per cent. The County Council adds notably to the attraction of the open spaces under its control by providing music during the summer. Every Thursday evening bands employed by the Council are playing in twenty-five different parks and recreation grounds. On Sunday evenings the number rises to thirty-three. Most of these bands are hired, but three of them—two military and one orchestral—are kept up by the Council itself.

Not only is the central London of a few hundred years ago rapidly disappearing, but even the suburbs of the early Victorian era are being destroyed. This week the home of Ruskin's childhood at Herne Hill has been in the hands of the housebreaker. The house was bought by Ruskin, senior, when his son John was four years old. The room below the nursery was the study in which the first volume of "Modern Painters" was written. Even within his own lifetime Ruskin deplored the vulgarization of this district by the erection of crude villas in place of the fine old merchants' residences with long gardens.

Of late years the automobile has immensely accelerated the disappearance of houses like Ruskin's. The business man who is prosperous enough to afford a residence of this type looks for it many miles further away from the city. Not only Herne Hill, but Denmark Hill, where the Ruskins lived later, and the whole of the region round the Crystal Palace, are being completely changed in character through the same cause.

The hotel-keepers and tradesmen of Henley are beginning to realize the difference the automobile is making during the regatta week. Formerly visitors to this great river festival made their home in the town itself for a few days, and exorbitant prices were paid for rooms. It is now the fashion to motor out from London day by day, returning each evening after the last heat has been rowed. The houseboat, where little groups used to be entertained during the Henley week, has seen its best days. The motor launch is now far more popular—except with the local shopkeepers.

It is remarkable that, although so many Englishwomen have taken up journalism as a profession, there does not exist in this country a single woman's paper of the first class. If one were to make a list of the dailies and weeklies that are conspicuous by their literary ability or by their influence on public opinion, no woman's paper would be included. This deficiency is the more notable when one thinks of the great vigor and enterprise of the suffragist propaganda, which emphasizes the doctrine that women have important public interests of their own. No daily paper in the United Kingdom takes its editorial policy from a woman's direction. Women journalists are frequent contributors of special articles, but editorially their influence on the daily press is less to-day than when Harriet Martineau was a leader-writer on the *Daily News* and Frances Power Cobbe on the *Echo*.

Among the weeklies, there are a few women's papers, published at sixpence, that have a large circulation and are paying properties. But if they fairly represent the quality of women's thinking on public questions, the strongest anti-suffragist disbelief in women's political capacity is amply justified. At the end of the week one may often see in some of the daily papers a column of extracts from editorials in the new issue of the *Spectator* or the *Nation* and other papers of that type. It is never thought worth while to reproduce what any of the women's papers is saying on any serious topic of the hour.

Dissatisfaction at this "failure of the woman's press" was voiced last week by a woman correspondent of the *Times*, who complained of these papers for representing the woman of to-day as "a poor thing, devoid of industry and enterprise, utterly without influence on her time." The complaint has received so little support that one may doubt whether the discontent is shared by more than a very few women readers. Indeed, one of the ablest of women journalists, who writes for the *British Weekly* under the pseudonym of "Lorna," comes boldly to the defence of the women's papers for neglecting serious problems. "What do we really require," she asks, "from the ladies' papers? Speaking for myself, I want, first, attractive, well-illustrated advertisements." She then goes on to tell how, supposing she has bought a new evening dress of pink brocade and wants a pair of brocaded shoes to match it, she turns to the current number of one of these weeklies, and finds a full page illustrating the latest evening shoes, the prettiest buckles, the daintiest and most economical styles. She declares point blank that "the *raison d'être* of the ladies' weeklies is to cater almost entirely for the practical requirements of women."

The Oxford honorary D.C.L. degree would seem to be an eminently fitting recognition of a public career like Lord Bryce's. That distinction, however, is one that can never be his. Such is the penalty of a too successful youth. He won the Oxford D.C.L. in the ordinary way at the age of thirty-two, and the same university cannot confer the same degree on the same man a second time. On his admission to the doctorate in the faculty of law, a candidate receives from the vice-chancellor the privilege "legendi, disputandi, et cætera omnia faciendi quae ad statum doctoris in eadem facultate pertinent." That authority cannot be conferred upon him again later. It would be like the re-ordination of a clergyman. So it happens that while other British universities, as well as universities in America and Australia, can inscribe Lord Bryce's name on the list of their honorary D.C.L.'s or LL.D.'s, his own alma mater—in which he was for nearly a quarter of a century a regius professor in that same faculty—is debarred. Luckily the modern degree of D.Litt. has provided a means of overcoming this disqualification in some measure. If it had existed forty or fifty years ago, no doubt Lord Bryce would have taken it, and thereby stopped up that avenue to future academic recognition. As he had not that opportunity, the University has been able, at this year's Commemoration, to show its regard for one of its most eminent sons by conferring upon him the honorary degree of doctor of letters.

H. W. H.

THE INNOCENT AMERICAN ABROAD—HIS RIGHT TO PAY INCOME TAX AND TO PROTECTION—ANOMALIES OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S ATTITUDE.

PARIS, July 5.

That the Government at Washington should have a way of its own—different from the rest of the world—in carrying on its foreign relations, is not wonderful; but the results to individual American citizens are sometimes as good as a play. The latest case was brought before the Paris civil courts on the first of this month, with particulars so extraordinary that they were at once cabled over and have already received surprised and puzzled comment and answer from New York. What has not been cabled is the fact that our Government has been steadily increasing its claims to exercise powers in a foreign country which foreign governments have never recognized; that it applies these claims to foreigners living in their own country, as well as to American citizens living there, and that this goes along with a more general contention that residence abroad on the part of American citizens, if not a criminal offence, at least gives the Washington Government the right to diminish and even abolish utterly the citizenship of these Americans.

The former cases concern the United States Treasury; the latter the Department of State. The former raise questions of international law, particularly whether one government can exercise police powers in the territory of another without the latter's consent; the latter suppose that the American Government can read into its powers over American citizens something that is not mentioned in the American Constitution. And all these governmental assertions of rights and powers which other governments do not enjoy have been steadily growing in the policy of Washington since William Marcy and Lewis Cass and other authorities of a time when it was

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still more important that we should exist nationally than internationally. Of course, we all start from the general principle which the poet Coleridge noted in the rising republic:

> This Yankee nation
> Is the biggest in creation!

The present is a Treasury case, and it involves an American judge ordering an international banker, under penalty of fine and imprisonment for contempt of court, to do in Paris something which the Paris judge may punish him for doing as contrary to the French code. This legal wrangle may be compromised; or the American who has been imprudent enough to try to do banking outside of America may have to pay the penalty. That is comparatively unimportant, though the bank in question has been established in Paris—under French law—for sixty years or more, to the great convenience of Americans travelling abroad. This will naturally not appeal to the Congressional authority who declared: "Good Americans stay at home!"

The contention of the United States Treasury goes wider and deeper. A poor American dressmaker buys gowns in Paris, imports them into the United States, and insists on paying customs duties only on the prices stated in the certificate which she has been careful to obtain from the American Consul in Paris. The agents of the Treasury begin by asserting that these certificates do not declare the genuine cost of the gowns—and so the Treasury Department has to turn itself into a detective agency in France to find out what the real cost was. It finds out that the dressmaker paid her bills at the Paris branch of the American bank—and it demands of the American banker in New York that he produce the lady's bank account of Paris. The Paris bank is a separate institution in French law and is not allowed by French law to do anything of the kind. Thereupon the United States Treasury brings suit in America and the American judge orders the banker in America to produce his Paris books, which teaches him that he may have erred in thinking he could do business outside of his own country in the way citizens of other countries are allowed to do. What is more important is that the agents of the United States Treasury have been trying to teach foreigners themselves a similar lesson. How it has been received may be judged from extracts of an article in the *Journal of Swiss Employers' Associations:*

> Since the beginning of the year, St. Gall (capital of the Swiss canton and an exporting centre of embroidered cotton goods) has had a Commission sent by the United States Treasury to proceed to an examination of the business books of the exporters of the city—in virtue of paragraph U (section 3) of the new American Tariff law. Lately, in a "friendly conversation" with the principal representatives of the embroidery industry and export trade of St. Gall, the president of this American Commission drew the attention of those present to this fact: "They would do well to hand over their business books and papers to the Commission, keeping nothing back—for any refusal might become harmful to their interests!"

I have not space to relate the ignoring and neglecting at Washington of the interests of Americans themselves when they wish to do export trade, resulting from ill-made commercial agreements in consequence of such tariff laws. But a similar original and regardless way of treating American citizens who exercise their natural rights as men to live abroad, often while working for American interests, may be noted in the policy of the United States Department of State under all Administrations.

First, the expatriated American was decitizenized—on the ground that the Constitution allows no difference to be made between naturalized and native-born. An exasperated American in Paris once scattered widely visiting-cards with this monumental inscription from a letter of William R. Day, then Secretary of State, and now Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States:

"Americans voluntarily residing permanently abroad forfeit all right to the protection of this Government!"

In all countries of Europe, it is only after due process of law—and then under most explicit restrictions—that any business man can be obliged to produce his books and papers, and that for judicial examinations only—yet here were the agents of a foreign treasury demanding the production of books and accounts of this kind unconditionally and under threat of penalties. Naturally, the Swiss Employers' Association remarked: "We very much doubt whether the president of such a Commission would dare to use such language in Paris and Berlin." Probably not in Berlin, but in Paris diplomatic complaints have already been formulated on the part of the French Government. In 1907, an entirely new regulation was issued by the State Department, this time based precisely on this distinction between naturalized and native-born citizens—but it was still denied to native-born American citizens, whom will or necessity constrained to continuous residence abroad, that they had constitutional rights to protection from the Government at Washington as American citizens. From time to time, instances of the application of this power of the State Department to diminish or annihilate the citizenship of Americans have been made known, some comic and others pathetic and sometimes even tragic.

Clearly, other governments cannot acknowledge that American residents are men without a country by virtue of a decision of the United States Department of State—and certainly the American Constitution, while it speaks of naturalizing citizens, never mentions a power of decitizenizing them. This gives all the more zest to the latest pronouncement in the shape of a letter from Secretary Bryan in answer to the American Chamber of Commerce of Paris. The latter "wrote to the State Department at Washington, in the hope of determining, with as much precision as possible, the question of the status of Americans having a foreign residence." To this Mr. Bryan replied (March 18 of this year):

> You inquire particularly: "Will the fact of their having paid such tax (the income tax) and the receipt therefor be considered as evidence of American citizenship, and entitle them in foreign lands to the protection of the United States and the delivery to them on demand of a passport?" Your letter appears to relate to both native and naturalized Americans. . . . The payment of this income tax will also be considered in deciding the question of the right to the continued protection of this Government in cases of *native* American citizens who have resided abroad for a period so long that the natural presumption may be held to have arisen that they have abandoned this country!

"Natural presumption" against a written Constitution! No wonder that, alone among the nations, canny Germany has just accepted for the United States the John Quincy Adams interpretation of the "most favored nation clause"!

S. D.

Civil War Literature

By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

[We begin this week the publication of a series of four articles, by Mr. Adams, suggested by Lord Newton's recent Life of Lord Lyons.*—ED. THE NATION.]

I.

Lord Lyons has pressed a point, and the easiest way for Mr. Seward to dispose of it is to yield what is asked. . . . To a mortifying extent Lord Lyons shapes and directs, through the Secretary of State, an erroneous policy to the Government. This is humiliating but true. . . . Lord Lyons is cool and sagacious, and is well aware of our *premier's* infirmities, who in his fears yields everything almost before it is asked.

Thus wrote Gideon Welles, at the time Secretary of the Navy in the Cabinet of President Lincoln. The statements relate to events occurring in 1862 and 1863, the critical period of the Civil War. That they are in all respects historically correct, or that the belief expressed as to the excessive influence of the British Minister in Washington at that time on the American Secretary of State is justified by the facts, few will credit who have made a study of the records. It nevertheless admits of no question that the presence of Lord Lyons in Washington during the first three years of the Civil War was of vital moment for the Union cause. Indeed, it might not be unsafe to say that, had Lord Lyons been a diplomat of another character, and differently disposed—taking, for instance, that view of the situation and exercising that influence on the Government of Great Britain which actually were taken and exercised at the time on the Government of Louis Napoleon by Mercier, the French Minister—it is not unsafe to say that, in such case, the development of events now become historical would have been seriously affected. We cannot, of course, tell exactly how or to what extent they would have been affected; nevertheless, a thorough study of the situation as it existed from the episode of the Trent down to the stoppage of the Laird Rams in September after Gettysburg, can hardly fail to cause grave doubts whether, had another than Lord Lyons—some diplomat of Mercier's type—then filled the position occupied at Washington by him, intervention by European governments in our struggle would not in some form have been inevitable. If attempted, such action could hardly have failed to result in a breaking of the blockade, and by allowing to the Confederacy the egress of cotton and the ingress of arms and munitions, would have affected the situation and its outcome to an extent now impossible of measurement.

Any life of Lord Lyons would, therefore, hardly fail to be of interest as part of our Civil War literature; and it so chances that for reasons little understood, but presently to be explained, Lord Newton's Life has a

**Lord Lyons; A Record of British Diplomacy.* By Lord Newton. London: Edward Arnold. 2 vols. 30s. net.

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peculiar interest, as also historical value. It affords a glimpse, at once suggestive and provoking, of a wealth of historical material, a knowledge of which we are as yet almost wholly without. Of it Lord Newton gives an instalment—an instalment merely; but it is an instalment the significance of which has not been appreciated.

It comes about in this wise: We hear a great deal, from those interested in historical research, of public archives and access thereto, and of dates arbitrarily fixed by the various Foreign Offices at which those archives have been, or are to be, laid open to the investigator. It is, however, somewhat surprising to learn, as we do learn from Lord Newton's book, that, so far at least as the Foreign Office of Great Britain is concerned, the papers there to be found are of somewhat secondary importance. A knowledge of the true inwardness of any given situation of a certain sort must be looked for elsewhere. The papers on file in the Foreign Office are even intended at times to deceive. The statement is somewhat startling. How, then, did such a state of affairs come about? The explanation is curious—English!

For at least two centuries now—indeed, ever since the British Foreign Office took its present form—a singular custom as to correspondence has prevailed in connection with it—a custom in no wise generally understood. As Parliament, far back in the eighteenth century—during, in fact, the Walpole epoch—gradually assumed the large state-functions it has since developed, the practice grew of calling on those constituting the Ministry for papers relating to events connected with foreign affairs, especially correspondence. The modern Blue Book thus gradually assumed shape. As this practice grew, its inconveniences made themselves felt. Both the Secretary for Foreign Affairs and those with whom he was in correspondence wrote under a sense of restraint. As the British diplomatic service was constituted, this, not unnaturally, resulted in two forms of correspondence and sets of records—first, the usual official exchanges, including instructions and dispatches subject to Parliamentary call, and so at any time likely to be made public through the Blue Book. Meanwhile, on the other hand, a private interchange of letters, frequently familiar in tone as between old friends and perhaps relatives, would be going on between the British representatives at certain of the foreign courts and the Secretary of Foreign Affairs. This was the case more especially in time of exigency. The formal dispatches, constituting the great mass of the correspondence—95 per cent. of it, perhaps—were regularly filed in the official archives of the Foreign Office; and there they are now. The private communications, however, coming from the more important embassies and relating to critical situations, were considered as belonging to the Chief Secretary for the time being. This gradually became a regular and recognized system; and these private communications, often colloquial and intimate, and invariably written with his own hand by either Secretary or Minister, did not come under the eyes of subordinates. No copies of them were, as a rule, kept; and they were looked upon by both writer and recipient as altogether personal and confidential. The Minister or Ambassador, therefore, had his own private files, separate from the official files of Embassy or Foreign Office. The Secretary also had his similar files; and, when each retired from office, he carried his private files with him. Not belonging to the Public Offices, these files were, nevertheless, affected, so to speak, by a public interest; and, while the originals could only be found either among the private papers of the whilom Foreign Secretaries or Ambassadors, it was, and is, distinctly understood that no historical use can be made of this material except with the consent and approval of both the family of the Minister or Ambassador in question, and of the Foreign Office.

Such were the British usage and understanding. Such they now are. Referring to it, Mr. Julian Corbett, in recently editing the private papers of the second Earl of Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty between the years 1794 and 1801, speaks as follows: "Intimate as they are, going deeper into the well-springs of history than do the regular official documents, such papers seldom or never find their way into the public archives of the kingdom, and but for the action of the Society and the public spirit of their owners would remain almost inaccessible to students."

The Lyons papers, including the personal correspondence between Lyons, while in Washington, and Earl Russell, then Foreign Secretary, were, though sixty years later, similar in character to those referred to by Mr. Corbett. In his care of papers, also, Lord Lyons was most systematic. Unsparing of himself in the matter of labor, his habit was to make copies in his own hand of his more intimate letters to those at the head of the English Foreign Office during his long political career. Lord Lyons died in London, at the residence of his nephew, the Duke of Norfolk, on December 5, 1887, and his papers are now in Norfolk House. Lord Newton, the second bearer of the title, and an Oxford man—then known as "Tom" Legh—entered the diplomatic service under Lord Lyons at Paris in 1880. Now an active member of the House of Lords, he is somewhat noted for the humor which he at times injects, in a way peculiarly his own, into the proceedings of that essentially sedate body. A suggestion of this crops out in his "Life of Lyons," where he prints a brief note from his principal to a brother diplomat, reading as follows: "I have settled that Legh is to be at Berne on the 28th, and I hope you will like him. He is clever and well informed, though some people think he does not look it" (II, 220). The future Lord Newton, coming thus to know his chief personally, grew to entertain a most profound and sympathetic respect for him. Familiar with his official habits, he has had free access to his voluminous but well-ordered papers in the Norfolk House receptacles. Upon them, and not on blue-books and official formalities, his biography is based. Hence the importance of this publication in connection with the inner diplomatic history of our Civil War. Of course, for such use as he has made of these intimate, semi-official papers, Lord Newton had the sanction of the British Foreign Office.

Unfortunately, Newton was not associated with Lord Lyons during the latter's American experience. That covered what was, from an international point of view, the most diplomatically interesting period in our entire history; and the position held by Lord Lyons was the most important in the diplomatic service. It is this which makes a Life of Lord Lyons, based, not on blue-books or official documents, but on the private papers left by him, a noticeable addition to our Civil War historical material. The single difficulty is that, unlike the Diary of Welles in this respect, we here and as yet get only excerpts and glimpses. These are, however, suggestive. In fact, so far as it goes, Lord Newton's book is of first-class importance in its bearing on the Civil War.

Belonging to a distinguished naval family, the Second Baron and First Viscount and Earl Lyons was at the age of ten serving as an honorary midshipman. Nature had, however, obviously meant him to be a bureaucrat; and his maritime life fortunately came to an early close. A kindly fate decreed that he was not doomed to live his life out a round peg in a square hole. Going then to Winchester School, he subsequently, in 1838, took a degree at Christ Church, Oxford, being apparently, as Lord Newton says, at that period, "a quiet, well-behaved, hard-working youth, living carefully upon a modest allowance, and greatly attached to his parents and family." Appointed first an attaché to the Mission to the Papal Court, he seems from the beginning to have been, for some reason, probably a family one, a favorite of Lord John Russell, subsequently, during our Civil War, Earl Russell, and at the head of the Foreign Office. Remaining at Rome or at Florence until forty-one years of age, he was, in 1858, offered by Lord Clarendon, then Foreign Secretary in the Derby Cabinet, the American Legation, "an offer which, with characteristic modesty, he accepted with considerable misgivings as to his competence." In the same month, through the death of his father, he succeeded to the peerage. On April 12, 1859, he presented his letter of credence to Mr. Buchanan, then President. Lord John Russell two months later assumed charge of the British Foreign Office, representing the Palmerston-Russell Ministry, which in June, 1859, succeeded that of Lord Derby. Lord Lyons continued to hold the Washington position, with Russell as his chief, until early in December, 1864, the time of Sherman's march through Georgia. Failing health then compelled his

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resignation. Lord Lyons thus represented Great Britain at Washington during what was, so far as relations with foreign countries were concerned, the whole critical period; for, at the time of his resignation, the collapse of the Confederacy had practically become a question of time. A diplomatic life at Washington, covering the delicate and dangerous period from April, 1859, to the December preceding the surrender at Appomattox, was necessarily trying to the British Minister; for, as Lord Newton somewhat innocently observes:

It was difficult to discover an adequate explanation of the bitter feeling which, at that time, actuated the majority of the American people against England; and it was still more difficult to combat it, because it was largely unreasonable and quite regardless of facts and arguments. In reality it resulted from the exasperation caused by the civil commotion which constituted the first check to a previously uninterrupted course of progress and prosperity, and the Americans, mortified and angry, found it a relief to vent their ill-humor upon England, against whom they had an old grudge.

Belonging himself to a subsequent generation—being, in fact, only eight years of age when our Civil War came to its close—Lord Newton manifestly is not familiar with the attitude and utterances maintained during that struggle by the English class to which he belongs. It is also now a thing of the past. Had he been better acquainted with the tone of the London press and the peculiarly British social bearing during that period, he would have a more realizing sense of what might pass for a sufficing explanation of the feeling referred to. That attitude and tone can best be expressed by a recurrence to the vigorous figure of speech once addressed by the late Baron Mawle as a rebuke to Sir Richard Bethel, subsequently Lord Westbury, for his demeanor and language towards his professional opponents; he would, Mr. Justice Mawle observed, do well to remember that they were vertebrate creatures, while Sir Richard's bearing towards them "could not be considered otherwise than offensive if assumed by the Almighty in contemplation of a black beetle." The tone and attitude at that time habitually used in England are, both to English and Americans, now simply inconceivable. They were those of unrestrained and studied insolence. Though in no way personally familiar with that particular phase of what Tennyson termed the "stony British stare" and accompanying speech, Lord Newton himself in the course of his diplomatic experience came in contact with a not altogether dissimilar situation, which he describes with that saving sense of humor already referred to—the Franco-Prussian feeling towards his country during the war of 1870:

Upon the whole, it is not surprising that our attitude provoked excessive irritation on their part, for we were continually harping on and deploring the iniquities of war, while perfectly ready to make a handsome profit out of it by selling anything to the belligerents. The late Sir Robert Morier admirably described the British attitude as it appeared to German eyes. "We sit by like a bloated Quaker, too holy to fight, but rubbing our hands at the roaring trade we are driving in cartridges and ammunition. We are heaping up to ourselves the undying hatred of this German race, that will henceforth rule the world, because we cannot muster up courage to prevent a few Brummagem manufacturers from driving their unholy trade." It is only fair to add, however, that German censure was confined to England; the Americans, who exported arms in just the same way, were never denounced, but possibly this was due to the fact that they assumed a less self-righteous attitude (I, 344).

Books and Men

THE ONE SUBJECT.

A woman was standing at the street-corner, holding up a book so that every one could read the title. She had other copies of the same book in her left hand, and balanced in the crook of her elbow was a placard bearing the title, the name of the author (also a woman), and the price of the book. The woman's face wore a rather defiant expression, as if she might say: "You think this is unconventional, do you? It shocks you—now, doesn't it? Prudes! Hypocrites! I dare to bring you the truth—do you dare read it?"

She was in the full glare of the sun, which was very hot even at that late hour of the afternoon. The heat steamed up from the asphalt, but the woman had a martyr's spirit, and she kept the hand holding the book high above her head, like Liberty with her torch. I watched her for a few minutes, until I had to hurry for my train, but nobody bought the book, nobody gave to it or to her more than a passing glance. Yet ten or twenty years ago the same book, had it been written then, would have attracted a small crowd, even if exhibited in a shop window. Probably no woman could have been found to sell it on the street. The indifference of the passers-by marks the distance we have gone in a dozen years.

If there was silence, prudishness, a conspiracy to ignore the facts of sex, it has all been thoroughly dispelled. A blatant screaming has succeeded, and the subject is tiresome, past telling. A man who had one evening to spend in New York last summer picked up a newspaper with a view to determining what play he should see. After a while he put down the paper with a groan. "There's nothing I care about," he remarked, "nothing but white-slave plays and poison-needle dramas."

From the foolish extreme of silence the rush was made to the equally foolish extreme of noisiness. Children were distressingly ignorant once; many of them are becoming painfully scientific. The conversation of some of them sounds like excerpts from an obstetrical journal. As for the adults—

"I sought refuge in conversation with the woman on my left," says a man in a skit in "Vanity Fair," by Anne O'Hagan. "She looked like the kind I used to know—pretty, vivacious, smartly dressed. We got along all right for a while, and by-and-by we came to the place when it seemed seasonable to say: 'Why didn't I know you before? Why didn't I know you in time to enter the lists, at least?'

"She laughed, but she didn't say 'flatterer,' or any of the old things like that. Instead, she remarked:

"'Speaking of sex-attraction, were the tribes in the part of Africa you have been in polygamous or polyandrous?'

"That's what she said, 'speaking of sex-attraction.' We weren't speaking of sex-attraction at all. I wouldn't speak of such a thing to a woman for the world! Tell me—we're old friends—we've known each other since we were little shavers. Tell me what's happened to this town? What's happened to the women? What's happened to conversation? To recreation? To the little arts, and graces, and follies of life? To flirtation?"

"'What has happened,' I informed him, 'is the awakening of the social conscience.'"

Seven or eight years ago it was that sex must be eternally discussed in fiction and in the drama for reasons connected with art. Puritans were trying to stifle art. Then the same subject had to receive literary expression for sociological reasons, to preach and to teach. Less was said about the stifling of art. Now, the extreme novel and play of this type seem to be passing; the heroine shudders on the verge of the disreputable, but clings to doubtful respectability. The wanton goes out, and the *demi-vierge* enters. A novel of the moment, which its publishers insist everybody is talking about, describes for several hundred pages how nothing really happened to the heroine. And its author—a full-grown man—completes the picture by gravely discussing the women's costumes which dressmakers are planning to name after his heroine.

"The fault of the French comic paper," writes Mr. E. V. Lucas, "is monotony. Voltaire accused the English of having seventy religions and only one sauce; my quarrel with the French is that they have seventy sauces and only one joke. This joke you meet everywhere. Artists of diabolical cleverness illustrate it in colors every week; versifiers and musicians introduce it into songs; comic singers sing it; playwrights dramatize it; novelists and journalists weave it into prose. It is the oldest joke, and it is ever new. Nothing can prevent a Parisian laughing at it as if it were as fresh as his roll, his journal, or his petit Gervais. For a people with a world-wide reputation for wit, this is very strange; but in some directions the French are incorrigibly juvenile, almost infantine. Personally, I envy them for it. I think it must be charming never to grow out of

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such an affection for indecency that even a nursery mishap can still be always funny."

That one subject may become monotonous, even when that subject is sex, does not seem to occur to a number of novelists and playwrights. Because once the world did not talk about it enough, now it must talk of nothing else. There is a good deal of inverted cant about this, as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has pointed out. A certain class of critics would infer that there is some subtle connection between immorality and art—"as if the handling of the lewd, or the depicting of it, were in some sort the hallmark of the true artist. It is not difficult to handle or depict. On the contrary, it is so easy, and so essentially dramatic in many of its forms, that the temptation to employ it is ever present. It is the easiest and cheapest of all methods of creating a spurious effect. The difficulty does not lie in doing it. The difficulty lies in avoiding it."

The masters of the frank and realistic novel, from Fielding to Eden Phillpotts, are thoroughly understandable. Outside the pale of decency, but still no hypocrite, is the writer of intentional pornography. He is not a humbug, at any rate. But the man or woman of little or no power, who forever harps upon one theme, and insists that it must always be harped upon—this person is neither an artist nor a social reformer, but simply a bore.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

Poetry

A SOLDIER POET IN FRANCE.

Capt. Alfred Droin, in active war-service, during enforced vigils beneath his tent, has written out, in verse responsive to the environment and the race with which he is in new contact, his impressions of Morocco, where he is fighting. This is perhaps very French; and it is also French that he should entitle his *poésies* "Blood upon the Mosque" ("Du Sang sur la Mosquée"), and that his General—Lyautey, "conqueror and peace-maker"—should accept the verses' dedication in a letter for a preface:

> Night came—orders were given, each to his post of combat—there was nothing but to wait.
>
> It was then we read your verses—do you remember? We—all of us—remember that serene and kindly reading amid the cannon, under the balls.

True, Gen. Lyautey is himself of the French Academy, which, moreover, had crowned one of the three volumes of poems previously published by Capt. Droin; and the first volume had been guaranteed to be poetry by a preface of Sully-Prudhomme, who was a Nobel Prize poet as well as an Academician.

The sample translated here tries only to keep the visual imagery, with fidelity to the language and its original flow. Ten stanzas from twenty-five have been chosen for the sense:

MOON OF ISLAM.

I.

Far out and slow is quenched the sheen of ocean;
Here, hour on hour, the city darkens, too:
'Tis the sun's death and the nightfall's emotion—
The bright no more, no more the blue.
In Islam's plains, on hillsides and the mountain,
The sleepless couch is haunted by vague fear:
Genii in troops are witching tree and fountain,
And plotting Demons gather near.

Is God to-night this Earth of ours forsaking?
A dog is howling—Night brims o'er with grief:
And in his cries my heart, my heart is breaking,
Sadder and lone this night without relief.

II.

Lo, sudden rays of limpid light
—Witchery eyes that doubt a-tickling—
Filter through breaks in the night
Like white milk from black bottles trickling.

Slow is Time a-whiling
Across the cloudland streams,
Till the spell's beguiling
Drips down gold of dreams.

. . . . . .

Pearls the lilies dazing,
Snow upon the snow,
All the heavens are blazing
In the spell's downflow.

Light all Space refining,
Splendors that glide and glide,
Queen with an army shining,
Holding the heavens wide—

On the vast azure resting,
Rainbow-hued and round,
Moon, in thy calm pure questing,
Earth's primal dawn is found.

. . . . . .

III.

Moon of Morocco, silent friend,
Whose floating robe wraps round my heart,
i—at calm adoration's end—
Feel, too, thy lightsome blessing's part.

. . . . . .

As yon white city to the sky
Lifts up its vaporous mystic grace,
So, Moon, my soul in ecstasy,
Flies up to thy eternal face.

These lines are among the first poems of the book, centring in "Rabat the Victorious," which has also a gentle sonnet with much local color:

This hour incense is breathing from the mosques:
The eve of beauty dies—.

A second part is of "Fez the Holy," with more smell of powder, as in the sonnet on "One that was slain":

The barley waves—a poppy smiles. A stork,
Straight on the battlement, clicks her hard beak.

The third, more exotic still, is of remote "Marrakech the Red," with the Blue Brothers' "Call to the Holy War":

The French are come, more numerous than the flies
On camels' corpses.—

Alfred Tennyson

PERSONAL NOTES

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

Tennyson, born on the 5th of August, 1809, was, as the almanac counts, not quite five months older than Gladstone. But in respect of vitality he was at least five years more worn-out. A friend who visited him a year before his death was surprised to find how shrivelled, withered, and frail he seemed to be. A few scanty locks were all that remained of the abundant hair once the most striking feature in his appearance. His face was brown and wrinkled. One touched tenderly the thin nervous hand he stretched forth, lest peradventure it might be crushed in the grasp. Although it was early autumn and there was a fire in the room, Tennyson sat on a couch with a rug over his knees, and round his shoulders the familiar old cloak fastened at the neck with a brass frog. In the early editions of his works graced with his frontispiece he wears a cloak similar to this. Regarding the faded frayed garment, the thought struck the visitor, "It may have been the very same."

I have an engraving of the earliest published portrait of the poet. It is from the crayon drawing of Samuel Lawrence, and bears a facsimile of the poet's signature, "Ever yours, A. Tennyson," with the initial A picturesquely set above the T so that a loop from it serves to cross the letter. The portrait is not dated. It looks like that of a man of thirty-two—a strong face with an underlying touch of sadness, the abundant unparted hair hanging over it till it meets the high black stock and broad collar of the coat closely buttoned across the chest. He had not at this time begun to grow the beard which in later life grew wild about his face.

It is Rossetti's sketch that made Tennyson's appearance familiar to the world at large. This was done, I think, in 1855, about the time "Maud" was published. It presents to view a tall, stooping, dark-bearded man in a cloak and broad-brimmed hat. Elsewhere we get a glimpse of him in the very prime of life, when, still a bachelor, he lived at Twickenham.

"It is very possible you may come across him in a country inn," William Howitt notes under date 1847, "with a foot on each hob of the fireplace, a volume of Greek in one hand, his meerschaum in the other, so far advanced towards the seventh heaven that he would not thank you to call him back into this nether world."

At this time, though he would not live nearer town than Twickenham, Tennyson was a frequent visitor to London, not unknown at the Cock in Fleet Street, where he was accustomed to take his "perfect pint of port" from the hand of "the plump young waiter." Even in recent years he used to run up to London and wander about the streets and parks. He avoided human-kind

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in London as he did at Haslemere and at his fortress in the Isle of Wight, both residences being as jealously guarded from intrusion as if they were seraglios. Wherever he was met, whether in quiet country lanes or amid the turmoil of London streets, none failed to turn round and watch the strange figure.

The only time I saw him in London he was walking in the park, not by the Row, where men and women congregate, but in a bypath under swelling trees that might remind him of his home at Farringford. A notably tall man in spite of his stoop, growing somewhat stout, still walking with long strides, he carried a stout stick, but did not seem to feel necessity for its assistance. A long unkempt beard obscured the lines of his face. It was further disguised by a pair of uncompromisingly large spectacles. In supplement of these there dangled over his closely buttoned cloak a pair of gold-rimmed pince-nez, probably used for reading, while the spectacles served for distant sight. He wore a broad-brimmed, time- and weather-worn felt hat, slightly slouched, trousers guiltless of gloss or fashionable cut, with gaiters buttoned over thick-soled boots. Looking at him, one could understand the contempt with which, half a century earlier, he turned upon Bulwer Lytton, "the padded man that wears the stays":

> What profits now to understand
> The merits of a spotless shirt—
> A dapper boot—a little hand—
> If half the little soul is dirt?

These verses, which appeared in a number of the then newly born *Punch*, will not be found in any of Tennyson's collected works. He was angry when he wrote, Bulwer having in his "New Timon" made a ferocious attack on the then budding poet. "Schoolmiss Alfred," he called him, "Outbabying Wordsworth and outglittering Keats." The sting of the verse lay in the line where Peel was flouted, forasmuch that he "with pudding plumps the puling Muse, And pensions Tennyson whilst he starves a Knowles."

This insinuation, with its unpardonable rhyme, refers to an interesting episode in Tennyson's life. He had published his "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," which were hailed with enthusiastic applause by a circle of critics, not including Christopher North, the "musty, fusty Christopher," whom Tennyson, hot-blooded then and quick to hit back, sharply prodded. An effort was made to obtain for him some provision that should enable him to devote his time to the cultivation of his genius free from sordid cares. Carlyle, rarely enthusiastic about his contemporaries, warmly championed the cause, besetting Monckton Milnes with entreaty to see the thing done. Wemyss Reid had a story related to him by Monckton Milnes of a conversation between Carlyle and Milnes that throws a flood of cheerful light on the men and the times as far as the latter affected Tennyson.

"Richard Milnes," said Carlyle one day, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, as they were seated together in the little house in Cheyne Row, "when are you going to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?"

"My dear Carlyle," responded Milnes, "the thing is not so easy as you suppose. What will my constituents say if I do get a pension for Tennyson? They know nothing about him or his poetry, and they will probably think he is some poor relation of my own and that the whole affair is a job."

Solemn and emphatic was Carlyle's response:

"Richard Milnes, on the Day of Judgment, when the Lord asks you why you didn't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents. It is you that will be damned."

When Milnes at last conveyed the request to Sir Robert Peel, he found the Premier as ignorant of the works of Tennyson as at a later period Lord Palmerston confessed himself to be of those of the poet Close. Milnes sent him a copy of "Locksley Hall" and "Ulysses," with the result that Tennyson got his pension of £200 a year, which he enjoyed to the end.

When he once began to move he went fast. His average receipts in the way of royalty from his first publishers are understood to have reached £1,500 a year. When he transferred his connection to Messrs. Strahan, they made arrangements which, during the five years the contract ran, brought him £31,000. His contract with his latest publishers included on their part an engagement to pay him £4,000 a year, with special arrangement for any new book.

In one respect Tennyson was the despair of printers and publishers. He could never leave his work alone—was always polishing it. I have seen the original manuscript of "The Princess," recently sold in London. Looking through it I came upon an emendation that will be fresh to the public. It is in the song that Lilia sings, commencing:

> Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums
> That beat to battle where he stands;
> Thy face across his fancy comes
> And gives the battle to his hands.

In the original manuscript the first two lines are written:

> When all among the thund'ring drums
> Thy soldier in the battle stands.

Which shows how, once at least in verse-making, an emendation was an improvement.

Shortly before Tennyson died there came upon the market the manuscript of portions of his earlier work, and some original editions containing interlineations by his pen. He was exceedingly wroth at this incursion upon his privacy, the more so as he was powerless to prevent it. What made it the more painful to him was the recollection that the manuscripts and volumes had been given to intimate friends. That they should now be offered for sale, like old chairs or tables, was a circumstance peculiarly calculated to vex the poet's soul.

He took the best possible means of preventing his memoirs being written, keeping no record of his correspondence, much less building up a diary.

"I will take good care," he said to a friend permitted to join him in the companionship of a pipe, "they shall not, when I am dead, rip me up like a pig."

Rarest among the treasures of book collectors is a copy of the first edition of Tennyson's "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." This is the first work to which Tennyson put his name, and it bears the date 1830. The peculiarity about it is that it includes a number of poems by Arthur Hallam, whose name will live for ever, since it is written between the lines of "In Memoriam." When Tennyson and Hallam were young men they projected a joint publication of their verse. It was actually carried out, as this volume testifies, but only a few copies seem to have been printed. In a note to one of his verses Hallam writes of "my friend whose name is prefixed with mine to this volume." Oddly enough, Arthur Hallam's name does not appear in the imprint, but some one has written with pen and ink after Tennyson's name "and Arthur Hallam." The same hand writes at the head of the second part of the little volume, "Poems by Arthur Hallam, Esquire." Many of Hallam's poems, like Tennyson's, were addressed to anonymous persons or to friends, whose names are indicated by initials. The touch of a vanished hand, doubtless that of Arthur Hallam himself, the original owner of the volume, fills up in one or two places the initials, spelling out the names—Sir F. H. Doyle, J. Milnes, Gaskell, Richard Milnes.

While Tennyson was habitually resentful, even to rudeness, of the approach of strangers, he made surprising exceptions. Mr. Phelps, sometime American Minister at the Court of St. James's, told me of one:

A gentleman of Omaha called upon him with the modest request that he would assist him in obtaining a number of autographs of eminent Englishmen. This visitor was, indeed, not insistent upon exclusion of eminent English women, and if Mr. Phelps could obtain for him a few friendly lines from the Queen, they should have an honored place in his native Town Hall, on whose behalf he had undertaken the commission. Mr. Phelps was struck with the quiet pertinacity of the man, and helped him to a good many valuable autographs.

Appetite growing with what it fed upon, the gentleman from Omaha declared he could not go back without obtaining a specimen of the Poet Laureate's handwriting. Mr. Phelps said he did not know Lord Tennyson personally, and, from what he had heard of him, thought he was not approachable on the subject.

"But," he said, "you write to him yourself in your own way; tell him your business here, and what you want from him."

The gentleman from Omaha obeyed the instruction, and after a few posts there reached him a manuscript copy of the first page of "In Memoriam" in Tennyson's own handwriting, signed by his name.

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At one time Tennyson and Gladstone were on terms of intimate friendship, a happy relationship shattered, as in many other cases, by the explosion of the Home Rule question. The two were companions on one of the yachting trips on a big Castle Liner provided by Sir Donald Currie for the statesman's recreation.

Just "befoh the wah" in South Africa we sailed in the Pembroke Castle for Cape Town to pay a visit to Cecil Rhodes at Groote-Schuur. On the eve of starting I received from Sir Donald Currie the following letter giving interesting particulars of the company on this famous expedition:

"Garth, Aberfeldy, Perthshire. Dec. 14, '93. Dear Mr. Lucy: I am sorry you are not going out by one of the fast Mail boats. You will return by them. But as a devoted disciple of my old friend, Mr. Gladstone, solace yourself with the remembrance that you are to sleep in the room he had when I took him the famous trip round the West Coast of Scotland from Barrow (where she was built) on to Norway and to Copenhagen.

"In the saloon, remember 29 Royal personages, young and old, lunched on the 18 Sepr. 1883, and in the Smoking room Tennyson read some of his poems to these distinguished people.

"At the luncheon Mr. Gladstone had head of the centre table. Mr. Tennyson had the portside table, and I had the other. There were present the Emperor and Empress of Russia; the Tzarewitch and all their children; the King and Queen of Denmark and family; the King and Queen of Greece and children; the Princess of Wales and the Royal family of this country; the Hanover family; the brothers of the King of Denmark, Admirals, Generals, Ambassadors, 45 in all. . . .

"My best wishes to you and Mrs. Lucy. Sincerely, Donald Currie."

Far out on Southern seas, sitting in the deck cabin of the Pembroke Castle, where it happened, I heard of a droll incident. It was the habit of Mr. Gladstone and the other guests to assemble after luncheon or dinner, and Tennyson read, or rather recited, some of his verse. Among the guests was the lady who is to-day the wife of the English Prime Minister. The Poet Laureate was much attracted by this bright personality, and as she generally sat near him while he read, he fell into the habit of holding her hand. On the occasion of the luncheon at Copenhagen referred to by Sir Donald, the Empress of Russia sat at the right hand of the Poet Laureate in the little cabin which inadequately serves the purpose of smoking-room on board the Pembroke Castle. Tennyson selected "Maud" for the subject of his reading, and, as usual, became absorbed in his work. When he reached the well-known lyric, "Come into the garden, Maud," his right hand dropped at his side. Finding another there, he, accustomed to the companionship of the fascinating Margot, seized it, and, it was obvious to the shocked lookers-on, squeezed it.

The Empress was naturally a little startled, but made no sign or motion that interrupted the reading.

Later Tennyson asked his confidante how she thought the Empress liked it.

"I fancy she liked the reading," the girl laughingly answered. "But I noticed she looked a little surprised when, having possessed yourself of her hand, you several times squeezed it."

Tennyson was greatly abashed, and was with difficulty dissuaded from explaining matters to the Empress.

News for Bibliophiles

THE DISCOVERY OF LA VERENDRYE'S INSCRIBED LEADEN PLATE.

The Chevalier de La Vérendrye, one of the famous family of Western explorers, and himself a true son of his gallant father, in his report to Governor de Beauharnois of the expedition of 1742-1743, says that on March 15, 1743, "we arrived among the people of Little Cherry. They were returning from their winter hunting, and were two days' march from their fort, which is on the bank of the Missouri. We arrived on the 19th at their fort, and were there received with demonstrations of great joy." La Vérendrye later adds: "I deposited on an eminence, near the fort, a tablet of lead with the arms and inscription of the King, and a pyramid of stones for the Monsieur the General. I said to the Savages, who did not know about the tablet of lead which I had placed in the ground, that I was erecting these stones to commemorate our arrival in their land."

The explorer buried the tablet referred to on the site of the present village of Fort Pierre, South Dakota, and it remained undiscovered almost precisely one hundred and seventy years. A young girl named Harriet Foster, who was playing (February 16, 1913) with other children on a hill near the Fort Pierre high school, found this historically important leaden plate (measuring six by eight inches, and one-eighth of an inch in thickness) protruding from the earth. The plate forthwith came into the possession of George O'Reilly, a boy of fifteen years, whose father deciphered the Latin inscription. It was found to read:

"Anno XXVI Regni Ludovici XV Prorege Illustrissimo Domino Domino Marchione de Beauharnois, MDCCXXXXI. Petrus Gaultier de la Verendrie posuit."

The following translation of the inscription is given in a paper (p. 146) on "La Vérendrye's Farthest West," by Mr. Doane Robinson, secretary and superintendent of the South Dakota Department of History, soon to appear in the "Proceedings" of the Wisconsin Historical Society for 1913:

"In 1741, the twenty-sixth year of our most illustrious Seigneur Louis XV, in the time of his Viceroy, Monseigneur the Marquis de Beauharnois, Petrus [Pierre] Gaultier de Laverendrie deposited [this]."

As 1741 is the year of the departure of the expedition from Canada, it is reasonable to assume that it is also the date of making the tablet, which bears the arms of Louis XV, and fleurs-de-lis in the corners. Rudely scratched on the reverse side are these words:

"Pose par le Chevalyet de LVR Lo Jos Louv La Loudette A Miotte le 30 de Mars 1743."

The editor of the "Proceedings" appends in a footnote (p. 147) this rendering and comment: "'Placed by the Chevalier de LVR [La Vérendrye] Lo Jos [Louis Joseph, his brother] Louy La Loudette A Miotte [the two employees] the 30th of March 1743.' This rude inscription was apparently scratched with a knife, a nail, or an awl, upon the reverse of the plate at the time it was deposited. . . . The identification of the second name (that of the younger brother of the La Vérendrye family) is the editor's conjecture."

Not only does a romantic interest attach to the discovery of the La Vérendrye tablet, but it also settles definitely a question which has long vexed historians—namely, the point reached by the explorers on the Missouri upon their return from the farther West. Mr. Robinson, a careful student of Western history—particularly in its aboriginal aspects—is of the opinion that the "farthest West" of the younger La Vérendryes was "on the Cheyenne not far from the forks." He arrives at this interesting conclusion by allowing six miles for each of the twenty-two days of actual travel between the Western limit of the journey and the arrival of the explorers at the Missouri (Fort Pierre), March 19, 1743.* Many historians, especially the French, have credited La Vérendrye with having reached the Rocky Mountains at some point in Montana. If Mr. Robinson's contention is correct, the Frenchmen stopped far short of the Rockies.

Mr. Robinson submits that, from time immemorial, the Arikara resided at Fort Pierre, and that the chieftain Little Cherry was an Arikara; that the Bow Indians built forts and planted grain, and were allied with the Pawnee-Arikara bands, and that the Kiowa, then occupying the Black Hills, were the hereditary enemies of the Pawnee-Arikara. From these premises, Mr. Robinson suggests the following conclusions:

(1.) That the Vérendryes in their wanderings joined on the upper waters of the Cheyenne a party of Arikara, who united with other allies in a war upon the Kiowa in the Black Hills.

(2.) That upon the return within the time limit, they could not have travelled farther than from the Black Hills to the Missouri.

(3.) That the Vérendryes were not at any time West of the West line of the Dakotas.

The Champlain Society of Toronto will shortly issue the "Journals of La Vérendrye," with an English translation, edited by a competent Canadian scholar, Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee. Mr. Burpee has studied the history of Western exploration with care and understanding, and much good work stands to his credit. In his admirable "Search for the Western Sea" (New York, 1908), Mr. Burpee credits the younger La Vérendryes with having at least reached a spur of the Rocky Mountains. It will, therefore, be interesting to learn if riper study of the subject has borne fruit in the form of changed opinions, or whether he is still at variance with the views expressed by Mr. Robinson in the brief paper of which I have here been privileged to give a foretaste. JOHN THOMAS LEE.

*In considering this rate of travel, it should be borne in mind that the La Vérendryes were encumbered by the presence of many Indians and their families; that the ground was in all probability heavily covered with snow, and that the explorers were compelled to live off the country.

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Correspondence

THE ARMING OF IRELAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Irish Home Rule bill has safely survived the threefold ordeal inflicted upon it by the machinery of the British legislature, supplemented by the provisions of the Parliament act, and will, therefore, shortly be placed on the Statute Book. All, however, is not yet well with Home Rule. The amending bill, lately introduced in the House of Lords, will annul some of the essential provisions of the measure, and is more than likely in its final form to contain clauses providing for the exclusion of certain counties of Ulster, and possibly of the entire province.

It is a significant fact that the passing of the bill roused little enthusiasm in Nationalist circles. It would be a mistake to suppose from this that the desire for Home Rule has weakened. On the contrary, it is to-day more widespread and imperative than ever before. The real reason of the lukewarm feeling is the fear that the trouble is not yet over. Moreover, preparations are hot afoot of a nature that tends to distract Irish public attention from the doings of the Parliament at Westminster. The Irish people are making ready to take the conduct of affairs into their own hands.

Since the days when the Fenian movement shook to its foundations the well-built fabric of British statesmanship there has been no movement more significant in its progress and motives than that of the Irish Nationalist Volunteers. Started in the historic Rotunda in November last, it has spread with amazing rapidity throughout the length and breadth of the land. Its programme is the defence of the rights and liberties of the Irish people, and it professes no antagonism to the Volunteers of Ulster. At the outset it was received with scant favor by the leaders of the Parliamentary party, but the people flocked to the standards newly raised, and forced the recognition of all parties. To-day priests, people, and politicians are joining the ranks, and the tread of marching men is heard from Malin Head to Bantry Bay and from Dublin to Inismurray.

There are to-day, leaving out of the reckoning the followers of Sir Edward Carson, 150,000 Volunteers in Ireland, and every week sees the number growing larger. The proclamation against the importation of arms and ammunition into the country is, for all practical purposes, a dead letter, for munitions of war are being steadily imported both in the north and the south. Drilling, rifle practice, route marching, and all the details of the trade of the soldier are going on day and night in all parts of the country, and it is not the intention of those who are at the head of the movement that all this effort should go for nothing. They are working towards a well-defined object.

There is, in fact, an ambitious scheme afoot in Ireland, and this is neither more nor less than the establishment of a standing army in Ireland, composed of Irishmen, and intended to further the ideal of "Ireland a Nation." To the people of this country it may come as a shock of surprise to learn how far forward the work has been pushed, and how comprehensive are its details. Every portion of the country has been mapped out, and arrangements are in course of completion that will provide for the defence of every county and district in a manner in keeping with the latest in military science.

This plan provides for the establishment of an Irish National Army, with a minimum strength of 200,000 men. Of these numbers 50,000 will be required to secure the larger towns and defend ports from attack from within or without, and so maintain the public confidence and national credit. The remaining force, it is planned, will be free to act as a mobile striking force wherever it may be needed.

The organization of the Irish National Volunteers will proceed, as closely as possible, on the following lines:

48 Brigades of Infantry—4 battalions each—192 battalions.
64 Regiments of Light Horse.
64 Field Batteries Artillery.
16 Field Companies of Engineers.

The peace and war establishments of the rank and file may be summarized thus:

	Peace.	War.
Battalion of Infantry	750	1,000
Regiment of Light Horse	350	470
Battery of Artillery	130	146

The peace establishment will be formed by enlistment, for a definite period, after which men will pass into the National Reserve, the war strength being formed by calling up the Reserves. Reserves will be formed of all rank and file who, being efficient Volunteers, have completed seven years' service.

The organization of the National Army will be:

48 Brigades of Infantry, forming 16 divisions of 3 brigades each.
64 Regiments Light Horse, forming 16 brigades of 3 regiments each, and 16 divisional regiments, one to be attached to each infantry division.
64 Field Batteries, forming 16 brigades of 3 batteries each and 16 light batteries, one per Light Horse Brigade.
16 Field Companies of Engineers, 1 company per infantry division.

The details of an Infantry Division will be:
General Commanding and Staff.
1 Regiment Light Horse.
1 Brigade Field Artillery with 3 batteries and ammunition column.
3 Batteries of Infantry (3 battalions each).
1 Field Company of Engineers.
1 Field Ambulance.

The army will be organized on the following system:

(a) Each province will provide:
4 Divisions of Infantry.
4 Brigades of Light Horse.
4 Brigades Field Artillery.
4 Batteries Horse Artillery.
4 Companies Field Engineers.
4 Companies Commissariat Corps.

(b) Each county will provide:
1 Brigade of Infantry, while 16 Brigades of Infantry will be allotted to certain counties or areas according to population.

(c) Batteries of infantry, regiments of cavalry, batteries of artillery, etc., will be drawn from parishes or adjacent parishes.

(d) Companies of infantry, squadrons of cavalry will be drawn from townlands or adjacent townlands.

Even from the rough outline given above some idea will be gained as to the nature of the scheme that is now being put into operation. It may be said that a force such as this can never be raised in Ireland, but those who are in touch with the movement not only believe that it can be done, but that something much bigger will be evolved. The Irishman's love of arms is proverbial, and there can be no mistaking the fact that the arming fever has seized upon the people and that an army of some sort will be the result.

Whether, as is anticipated in many quarters, the placing of the Home Rule bill on the Statute Book will see the Irish Party and the English Liberals free to deal with the amending bill remains to be seen. But it is at all events certain that some steps will be taken to embody the concessions already offered to Ulster and rejected, and upon the strength of the Irish Volunteers will depend to a great extent the ability of the Irish leaders to deal effectively with the new situation. Whatever happens, Ireland will not willingly submit to the partition of the country, and will never again go back to the old position she occupied under the English Government.

There is a new spirit abroad in the land, a spirit of renewed nationality that is not going to submit to the splitting up of the country even in the sacred cause of peace. The Irish Volunteers wish no quarrel with their brethren of the north, who they recognize have as much right to the country as those of the south and west, but to whom they deny the right to dictate terms to the rest of the country. All that they wish is that the Orangemen will put aside the old spirit of intolerance and the groundless fears of oppression at the hands of their countrymen. Their help and wit are needed for the building up of the nation, and the Volunteers are anxious only that all parties join hands for the furtherance of this object. If, on the other hand, the northerners decide to stand where they are to-day, the Volunteers are prepared to defend the rights of the majority of the people against all comers.

Neither is it intended that the force newly called into being should act as a menace to England, provided that England leaves Ireland free to deal with her own affairs as she thinks best. The Volunteers, moreover, will not submit to the treatment meted out to the Volunteers of Grattan's day, when the Irishmen were deprived of their arms, and then disbanded. Instead, they will insist that their arms are a necessary adjunct to their new constitution, inasmuch as the granting of freedom without the means to defend it is a mere trifling with the liberties of a nation.

Frank P. Jones.

New York City, July 2.

THE PRICE OF SUGAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of June 25 you refer to a statement by the Federal Sugar Refining Company showing "the direct connection between tariff reduction and sugar prices," and indicating "a saving of .58 cent per pound, which means an annual reduction of more than $48,000,000." As I possess a fairly sweet tooth, to alleviate insistence of which my family is kind enough to do a good deal of jelly-making, I proceeded to call for congratulation upon this bright spot in a time of general gloom, when I was shown on the last grocer's charge, "June 19th, 10 lbs. Sugar, 50 cts." That did not seem so very bad, but, on the contrary, was extremely

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good, when it was considered that last year's 10 pounds must have cost 55.8 cents. The family, however, was not so sure of last year's price, and so it was looked up, and found to be "10 lbs. Sugar, 50 cts."

Now, I knew it must be that the country grocer was imposing upon the summer resident, and I prepared to confound him with my displeasure. I turned to the Boston *Herald* for June 26, 1914, and, in the price lists, under Refined sugar, granulated and fine, I found "Wholesale grocers quote 4.60c. for less than 20 bbls." I then visited the Boston Public Library and in the files I found the *Herald* for June 25, 1913, with this advice: "Wholesale grocers' price for granulated and fine 4.60 for less than 20-bbl. lots."

I haven't as yet made any expressions to my local grocer, but I should like to ask an editorial suggestion as to the recovery of my share of that $48,000,000.

JAMES P. TOLMAN.

Shirley, Mass., July 3.

[The wholesale price of sugar throughout the world is affected by many causes. The statement made by the Federal Company was based, as we stated, on a comparison between the price of refined sugar in the American market and the price of raw sugar in bond. This difference, according to the figures given in that statement, is now 1.78 cents, whereas during the average of a number of years preceding the lowering of the tariff it was 2.41. The lowering of the difference by .53 cent—which is the figure the company should have given, instead of .58 cent—can hardly be ascribed to anything but the tariff. We see no reason to suppose that, under the old tariff, the price would not now have been .53 cent higher than it is, even if the price on June 25, 1913, did happen to be just the same as on the same day in 1914.—ED. THE NATION.]

"THE LATEST CRIMINALIST FAD."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In forming an opinion on the topic of your editorial article, "The Latest Criminalist Fad," one really ought to bear in mind that persons of any age who pass the Binet-Simon test for thirteen years are rated normal.

This being the fact, such adult jailbirds as stuck at twelve, and the younger set who showed a mental development "corresponding to an average age of eleven," so far from exhibiting the "gross mental deficiency" on which you dwell, are actually only one or two school grades below the general mass of voters. In other words, they are about as far below normal as a child who enters high school at twelve is above. From that, of course, they trail down to the obvious mental lack which everybody has always recognized. Or, to put the same thing in another form, what the Binet test shows is that some 80 per cent. of criminals are the adult forms whose larvæ are marking time in the upper grades of the grammar school course, waiting till the law lets them out, but who cannot for various reasons pass on to the abstractions of algebra and the subtleties of Latin grammar.

Now your own authority gives 20 per cent. as a possible ratio for the "mentally defective" in the old, pre-measurable sense, which corresponds to 8, 9, or below of the Binet scale; while you yourself concede that "30 or 40 per cent. might pass without special challenge." But so far as I can discover, even the most "innocent" of your "sanguine scientists" does not claim to have found more than 10 or 20 per cent. of old-fashioned imbeciles in any group of delinquents. They get their "80," "85," and occasionally 100, per cent. of subnormals by counting, as they are careful to explain, persons whose minds are retarded no more than one, two, or three years. In fact, a normal "Gaussian" distribution of the very cases which you cite would give only about 5 per cent. of persons who can by any stretch of words be said to have any "gross mental deficiency." The rest are the vastly more dangerous group whose deficiency is confined to the higher human qualities.

When all is said, however, the statement that a certain adult, whether in jail or out, has a memory span that can cover six digits —seven being normal for a child of twelve— is the statement of a measurable fact. It can, then, be refuted only by more measurable facts—not dismissed with "if this had been true in any sense having a real bearing on life, it would have been discovered hundreds of years ago." E. T. BREWSTER.

Andover, Mass., July 10.

[We did not dispute the correctness of any statement of "measurable fact"; what we objected to was the significance assigned to it. We were trying to put a foolish and mischievous fad where it belonged; and, so far as we can see, there is nothing in our correspondent's letter that has the slightest tendency to show that we failed to do so.—ED. THE NATION.]

COLLEGE FACULTIES AND THE TIME-CARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of June 11 you object to the application of "the yard-stick," the "time-card notion of management," the "efficiency-idea" to our universities. Such application you hold to be a "manifestation of philistine stupidity and arrogance." "It is not more management," you say, "but less management that is wanted in our universities." "The men who make the greatness of a university will be unspeakably repelled by this whole apparatus of observation, and inspection, and tabulation." "The one thing in which that career [the university career] offers attractions not to be found in most other callings is the opportunity for the free play of one's individuality." "The material rewards in it are small."

A brave position, this—to be held by every ideal university where the faculty thirst only for knowledge, scorn the thought of pay, and measure time only as they attain "the free play of their individuality." But what member of what factulty does not know that this ideal university is, alas! not his? The Platonic Academy *fuit;* but where is it now in our land?

Turning, then, to things as they are, we shall find, I think, that in our huge faculties of many hundred members there are indeed some whose ideals are of the highest and who "make the greatness" of their university; but that there are also others, and more, who make the smallness of their university. For the former—the apostles of learning and research, the St. Pauls—there is no need of time-card or questionnaire; they will work in season and out of season. But for that innumerable choir of lesser angels (whether graded as instructors, full professors, or presidents), is the "efficiency-idea," after all, so bad? Does a show of interest in their performance on the part of department-head or president or State do them harm?

In these latter, who make the smallness of their university, the thirst for knowledge is not the only thirst, and the "free play of their individuality" leads much to play with the golf-sticks, the billiard-cue, and the card-pack. It is these rather than those solitary ones who "will be unspeakably repelled by this whole apparatus of observation, and inspection, and tabulation." It is these whose ideal of efficiency is reached when they enter their lecture-room twenty minutes after the hour, leave it a quarter-hour early, forget at times to come at all, excuse their classes from the drudgery (to all concerned) of written examinations, vote for holidays on every pretext, ask for promotion every semester, sail for Europe three weeks before commencement every other summer, etc.

There is also another group in every faculty that will be "unspeakably repelled" at having the employment of its time called in question. It is composed of those who are indeed busy, but busy with research on the length of a flea-jump or on the inhibition of the apperception of the infinite with special reference to—heavens knows what (but not the reader). These industrious Faust-Wagners are always writing monographs, journal-articles, and books, with statistical tables equal in bulk to the census or with a nebulosity of thought beyond that of original chaos. How can these be expected to take thought for their pupils' advancement and individuality when so centred upon their own? The most they can do is to issue frequent bulletins to the college paper and the president concerning their publications and the papers they will read before some learned society.

It is perhaps with a knowledge of these facts and a desire to realize so far as possible that other and ideal university of which you write, that the State of Wisconsin has undertaken its university survey and wishes to set "efficiency" as the goal of university striving.

For, in truth, academic liberty unwatched is as seductive as any other. The price of it is eternal vigilance, without which vigilance monastic liberty went to sleep. And, be assured, under the cloak of academic freedom hides many a descendant of the dormiculous jovial monk of the bad old times.

It was bad enough that the ignorant Middle Ages should have been saddled, under the sacred name of religion, with the institution of monasticism. But would it not be worse and more inexcusably ignorant for a modern State, with the monastic warning before its eyes, to saddle itself voluntarily, under the now sacred name of Universal Education, with a huge institution exempt from accountability wherein the beneficiaries of that State may give "free play to their individuality" by repose in sleep or a Dervish dance of self-centred activity?

Therefore, to me it seems not "philistine stupidity and arrogance," but highest political wisdom, that the State of Wisconsin should undertake its university survey. If the State be an organism, then a torpid brain is surely no less an evil than a paralyzed hand. May the survey be made with the microscope (in search of hidden germs of disease) quite as

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much as with the telescope (in search of wider horizons)! L. L. FORMAN.

Rome, Italy, July 2.

[To reply to the *argument* in the above would be to repeat the original article; but as to the matter of fact, the class of professors who *are* "unspeakably repelled" by the proposed apparatus of so-called efficiency does not in the least answer to our correspondent's description.—ED. THE NATION.]

THE MEN WHO ARE THE COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Evening Post* of June 26, Senator Root, as chairman of the board of trustees of Hamilton College, is reported as announcing a change of policy, in these words:

"The trustees have adopted a plan of graduated increases [of salary] for the professors. On that plan we shall work, and will press forward toward making the professors, *the men who are the College,* feel that they are appreciated."

Italics are mine. Surely, our doughty Senator and Hamilton College are old fogies. Nowadays, in most of our seats of "learning," the men who "are the college" are the directors of athletics, the managers of student "activities," "stunt" performers, "smoker" panegyrists—in short, anybody and everybody but the humdrum professors, who merely try to teach and to learn. M.

June 30.

THOMAS TUSSER'S POEMS ON THE LIFE OF MAN AND WOMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the Harvard Library last summer I ran across, in the works of Thomas Tusser, two very interesting poems on the life of man, and a poem, even more interesting, on the life of woman. Tusser's works—first published in 1557 as "A Hundred Good Pointes of Husbandrie," later amplified by "A Hundred Pointes of Huswifery," and still later enlarged to "Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandry United to as Many of Good Huswifery"—were exceedingly popular. Between 1557 and 1600 no less than fourteen editions of these strange poems on farming and life in general appeared—an average of a new edition every three years for almost half a century. Shakespeare must have been familiar with the poems, though there is no striking similarity between his famous lines in "As You Like It" and the poems referred to above.

Tusser's poem on the life of woman made a rather strong appeal to me, perhaps largely because of its oddity. It may be found in Mavor's edition of Tusser's works (London, 1812), p. 282. I quote the poem with its title:

The Description of a Woman's Age
By Six Times Fourteen Years 'Prenticeship
With a Lesson to the Same

Two first seven years, for a rod they do whine,
Two next as a pearl in the world they do shine.
Two next trim beauty beginneth to swerve,
Two next for matrons or drudges they serve.
Two next doth crave a staff for a stay,
Two next a bier to fetch them away.

ALBERT GRANBERRY REED.

Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, July 2.

Literature

MEDIÆVAL ENGLAND.

The Genesis of Lancaster. The Three Reigns of Edward II, Edward III, and Richard II, 1307-1399. By Sir James H. Ramsay of Bamff. Two volumes. New York: Oxford University Press.

England in the Later Middle Ages. By Kenneth H. Vickers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Almost simultaneously in England two publications have appeared treating of the later Middle Ages, one by a veteran writer, who in extreme old age has completed a self-imposed task begun many years ago, the other by a newcomer in the field, who is making his first printed contribution to history on any large scale. The first work, forming the fifth and sixth volumes of the author's "The Scholar's History of England," is not designed for the general public; the other, forming Volume III of Oman's "A History of England," is plainly intended to meet a popular demand for something readable. The two works taken together may be expected to represent in scholarly and readable form the best that is being done in England at the present time for the history of the period.

Sir James Ramsay, an English baronet possessed of leisure and ample means, began his work nearly fifty years ago. "It has been," he says, "my standing occupation since the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. My grown-up children do not remember when it was not in progress." The first volume of the series, covering the last years of the Middle Ages, was issued in 1892. Four others, carrying the narrative from the foundations of England to the end of the reign of Edward I, were added in the decade from 1898 to 1908. Now the last gap has been filled, the period from 1307 to 1399, and the work stands complete, a history of England from the earliest times to the accession of Henry VII, in eight volumes, a monument of industry and critical skill, sober, accurate, and giving full references. The author, now in his eighty-second year, may well look on such an accomplishment with satisfaction, as a task which, though begun in the prime of life, has been pursued into those years that are commonly associated with the leisure of old age. The issue of eight volumes by any writer after he has attained the age of sixty is an event that may well give pause to those who deem a man's work ended at sixty, and the names of Ranke, Waitz, James Gairdner, Henry C. Lea, and now Sir James Ramsay are a witness to the vigor of old age among the historians. Sir James Ramsay's performance is the more remarkable in that his history is not of the arm-chair variety, but one based on a personal inspection of original sources wherever found, and personal visits to the scenes of battles in Great Britain and France that come within the scope of the narrative.

While intending to give the reader a picture of the time, and so following to a considerable degree the path that has been made plain by previous investigators, Sir James has laid particular stress upon two phases of his subject, military affairs and domestic finance. To these subjects he contends that he has contributed a larger array of drier facts than has ever before been communicated to the public. This seems a pretentious claim, in view of the number of dry histories already in existence, but it is probably justified, if monographic literature be excluded from the competition. "The Scholar's History of England" is a thoroughly dry history. The author, with a kind of grim humor, has filled his pages and appendices with facts and figures that can be deemed interesting only by those who find pleasure in statistics. Nevertheless, the conclusions drawn are always valuable. It is worth a good many pages of demonstration to be shown "the utter untrustworthiness of chroniclers' estimates, whether of men (in mediæval armies) or of money (in mediæval estimates), and the undue readiness of modern writers to accept their value," and to be convinced of "the very modest dimensions of all things mediæval except the castles and the cathedrals." At Bannockburn, for example, Sir James will allow only 14,000 or 15,000 men in Edward's army, instead of the 30,000 of Mr. Round or the 60,000 of the chroniclers. In matters of revenue, also, Sir James overturns a good many estimates. He has made substantial contributions to our knowledge of that most intricate of mediæval problems, the customs revenue, and has summarized his pages of statistical analysis in a number of generalizations easily comprehended by the reader, like the remark that "more money could be squeezed out of Normandy alone than out of the whole of England." The chief defect of the work as a whole lies, not so much in its annalistic or strictly chronological form of treatment, as in the entire omission of all reference to the life and activities of the people at large. The history is mainly concerned with the interests of the feudal and governing class.

Mr. Vickers's volume is a book of narrative and description, dealing with events and personalities and lending itself to elaboration of details. It is well written and readable, but five hundred pages of continuous narrative about people that are not very interesting and about events that are not very inspiring tend to grow monotonous, and we doubt if many will be enthusiastic enough to read the work through. The difficulty of Mr. Vickers's method of writing history is that it offers no real opportunity to study the period. The tale runs along the surface and might have been continued indefinitely, as long as the facts held out. Indeed, Mr. Vickers complains in his preface because the general editor reduced his copy by one hundred pages in order to make it fit the series. The facts are well organized and the chapters are well proportioned, but the work as a whole lacks

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symmetry and the treatment lacks depth. Little effort is made to gauge the place of the period in English history or to determine the transforming and evolutionary characteristics of the era, a neglect the more serious because of the transitional nature of the events narrated. Too much attention is paid to personalities and too little to social forces; kings and feudal lords fill the scene to the exclusion of burgesses and villeins, and battles bulk larger than religious revolts or peasants' uprisings. The subject matter of the book is well handled as far as it goes, but much that is the object of inquiry by students of England's Middle Ages at the present time is passed over by Mr. Vickers with little or no consideration.

CURRENT FICTION.

The League of the Leopard. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Harold Bindloss has forsaken the great Northwest for the African jungle in his adventure-mongering, and his readers will find his heroes as much at home in their new environment as on the prairie. Instead of fighting fearful blizzards and prairie fires in an effort to grow wheat, their combat is with sun and fever, and the object of their search is gold. From the coast they plunge into the dense forest, their way lying through the leopard country, so called by a league of natives who allow no one to invade their territory, and harass and kill those who make the attempt. Action multiplies in every chapter, and the hair-breadth escapes will keep awake the most jaded reader. The inevitable love-story ends with inevitable happiness, although the death of one of the two adventurers casts a shadow over the return of his comrade.

The Letters of a Woman Homesteader. By Elinore P. Stewart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The strong personality behind these letters is shown in a robust observation of Wyoming life, and an unconventional wielding of homely English. Into the former enters one strain that will surprise readers who take as a matter of course a humorous sense of character and a dramatic sense of incident—the writer's appreciation of neutral beauty. "Fancy to yourself," she exclaims upon arrival at her new home, with an eye for color too vigorous for delicacy or accuracy, but genuine, "a big jewel-box of dark-green velvet lined with silver chiffon, the snow peak lying like an immense opal in the centre, and over all the amber light of a new day." Spontaneity is the keynote of all the narration. The homesteader is writing informally to an understanding friend, and her pen enters racily into the doings of Mormons, Christians, and outlaws, of her Scotch employer, the Frenchman Gavotte, and the outdoors-loving, assertive Mrs. Louderer and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. The limitations are those natural to a humdrum, day-to-day chronicle, which sometimes drops into very small talk, indeed. All her sincerity is once or twice needed to redeem patches of gossip. A style abounding in colloquialism is perfectly suited to the matter; while to Mrs. Stewart must be granted an uncommon knack with the vivid adjective, falling into a place where the literary craftsman's hand might put a more colorless word.

Stories of Russian Life. By Anton Tchekoff. Translated by Marian Fell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

These twenty-four stories afford a survey of the ironist's work which, while emphasizing the profound sadness of his later periods, does not leave unrepresented the gay loquacity of his first two volumes. "The Death of an Official" is a vaudevillian description of the agony of a functionary who sneezes into his superior's neck at the opera, and, finding his apologies waved off as troublesome, dies of misunderstanding and grief; "Over-seasoned" tells how a surveyor, driven over a lonely road by a moujik, is struck with apprehension lest he be overpowered by the burly fellow, and makes so many references to the arms he has hidden on his person that the countryman springs into the wood in terror, forsaking him in a trackless waste. But the majority of the stories, rough sketches typical of diverse social classes, are as cynical and depressing as the dramas which have familiarized Tchekoff to the English-reading public. "In the Ravine," the longest, may be read as exhibiting evil and injustice in characteristic ascendancy, driving a set of ignorant people into misery and barbarity with whip and halloo. The life of industrial classes and peasants is a twilight materially and spiritually haunted by hardship and oppression, obsession and prejudices; the solemn moments in this existence are chosen without greatly humanizing the scene. Yet the method of the author is not violent: He observes gently and dispassionately, blocking his characters out with salient lines and expressive traits which leave a certain softness of tone over the studies.

Full Swing. By Frank Danby. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The curious distinction of this book is a heroine whose perversity it was always to sacrifice her heart to her conscience—a Brutus of a woman. The author commiserates with her in her abnormal nobility, and explains that "Agatha had ever a sense lacking"—not the power of loving, but the power of expressing it. When occasion called for display of affection, Agatha invariably labored under a mysterious inhibition. She refused the man who would have made her happy, being at a loss how to accept him, and married a roistering Irish lord, presumably because his wooing did not wait on her sanction. The art of winning a child's affection was, of course, quite beyond her, and she had no instinct to combat her son's infantile preference for his dissipated father's society. She adored him when he grew up, but her passion took the form of excessive self-blame for permitting an imagined development of paternal tendencies. As faultless a youth as ever lived, she nevertheless saw in him a budding Lothario; and when he fell in love with a cousin who had filled a daughter's place in Agatha's heart, she sent him off to the Boer war to save the girl from the son of such a father. These are only a few of her blunders, but the author sees to it that all this lofty virtue does not go unrewarded.

Love and the Soul Maker. By Mary Austin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mrs. Austin here attempts to discuss frankly and fully one of the most hazardous of themes. She sets out from a human text in the person of one Valda McNath, who has had an unhappy but by no means rare experience. She has failed twice in her search for "mate-love" (to use a recurrent phrase); first in marriage, then outside. Her husband, a flabby prig, she left after a dozen years, "simply because she couldn't stand him." Her lover, a Social Reactionist, after a short experience with her of the free love which he devoutly advocates, has "retired into a wobbly little pinnacle of a situation that, since he no longer loved Valda, he couldn't do her the disrespect to pretend that he had any obligation beyond his own susceptibilities." Poor Valda, deserted but not debased, is, we are to understand, left spiritually upon the writer's hands, and these pages are a response to her forlorn cry for "a book about it—a believable book"; about, not her own instance, but the whole problem of mate-love from the woman's point of view.

If, to speak to the whole world as one may speak to an intimate of one's own sex is indecorum, this book is indecorous. For herself, Mrs. Austin puts the gist of her treatise (it is a treatise and not a story) in an early paragraph:

> Too many people have got into the way of thinking that to speak of sex experience is to mean something illicit. It is, in fact, the most precious part of our human equipment. I want to say—I don't know why I shouldn't—that I have always found it so, and I wish more than anything else to show you how it derives its importance in our lives from this quality of its preciousness, and not from the effect of disturbing any other set of behaviors we may have agreed upon as moral.

Mrs. Austin is accomplished in the various terminologies of love. In language now cold, now touched with mystical fire, she seeks to analyze or interpret, in the light of the past, the relations of men and women as beings of sex. She says many startling things—or says many things in a way which, out of the context, would be merely startling, as that "it is immensely more important that a mating pair should relish kissing together than that they both should be Presbyterians." But it is clear that she has no wish either to be sensational or to avoid the suspicions of prudery. The upshot

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of her teaching is that marriage is the normal but not sole setting for mate-love; that marriage at its best "is one of the activities of woman and not a set mould into which womanhood should be poured"; that the initial function of mate-love is not to produce children, but to inspire to the highest degree of usefulness. "If children are your best, your supreme contribution, let us have them; in any case, children or no children, let us have the best of you." In fine, she wishes love to be recognized as an active principle apart from its phase of race reproduction, apart even from its phase of legal marriage.

RECORDS OF TWO PIONEERS.

Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled: A Narrative of Winter Travel in Alaska. By Hudson Stuck. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

Mountaineering and Exploration in the Selkirks: A Record of Pioneer Work among the Canadian Alps, 1908-1912. By Howard Palmer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $5 net.

The directors of the mission work of the Episcopal Church made no mistake when they sent Hudson Stuck into the wilds of the Yukon. A man of intrepid courage and endurance, with wide open eyes and mind and the knack of putting the results of his observations in attractive form, his heart warm with affection for the natives to whom he is sent, his title of Archdeacon of the Yukon has been as nobly earned as it is modestly worn. As a record of dog-sledding amid the snow and ice and countless deprivations of the Alaskan wilderness, the present volume is worthy of high rank in the literature of its class, but its interest from the philanthropic point of view is still greater. Our defective and inattentive provision for the civil government of Alaska, with its tragic results to the helpless natives, has made a deep impression upon the author, and the "faint hope" which he expresses that drawing attention to these evils may hasten a remedy may be taken as the primary motive of the volume. Alaska is not lawless in the sense of being the scene of frequent and unpunished crimes of violence. Its native population is timid and not generally provided with dangerous weapons. But the laws unstintingly passed by Congress for the protection of the natives, especially from the effects of intoxicants, are allowed to become a dead letter through inadequate means for their execution. Justices of the peace, unremunerated except by fees too scanty to furnish a living, and United States deputy marshals, appointed under political influences, are but a poor recourse for that rigid administration of law and order which alone can save the native Alaskan from threatened extinction.

Dr. Stuck's ideals for his people are thoroughly practical. Such a rudimentary English education as may be imparted to them is well enough in its way, but an honest, industrious, and self-supporting Indian with no knowledge whatever outside the limits of his native tongue is far preferable to one who can read and write English, but who lacks the will or ability to do anything else. The spread of tuberculosis, the worst foe of the native next to alcoholic liquor, is greatly accelerated, he thinks, by the unwise adoption of "civilized" methods of housing and clothing. However unsanitary the huts in which the coldest part of the winter was passed, it was still true that under former conditions the natives lived out of doors for a large portion of the time. At present an ill-ventilated and usually overcrowded cabin shelters them almost the entire year, while the substitution of cotton and shoddy for the skin garments of earlier times leaves the surface of the body exposed to sudden and violent changes of temperature. Recent legislation temporarily prohibiting the sale of beaver pelts has caused the beaver coat and cap again to appear among the natives, and Dr. Stuck very pertinently suggests that if this law was justifiable for a season in order to save the beaver from extinction, it may be justifiable permanently to save the native. Among the possible dangers of unwise philanthropy the system of free rations is, above all, to be avoided. Some would recommend this as making possible a compulsory school-attendance law, but Dr. Stuck's answer is irrefutable:

> With free rations there would be no more hunting, no more trapping, no more fishing; and a hardy, self-supporting race would sink at once to sloth and beggary and forget all that made men of them. If it were designed to destroy the Indian at a blow, here is an easy way to do it.

It is to be hoped that this volume will be widely read, for it is desirable to keep in mind that there are other important interests in Alaska besides coal veins, gold mines, and the building of Government railways.

The interest in Mr. Palmer's book is wholly that of the geographer and the mountain climber. During the five summers here covered he ascended more than thirty peaks of the Selkirk group, fifteen of which had not previously been climbed. As over twenty of these peaks exceed ten thousand feet in elevation, the task required an immense amount of vigorous exertion. It will readily be seen that the record involves a certain amount of inevitable monotony, but this is relieved by a profusion of remarkably successful photographic illustrations. Mr. Palmer argues with reason against a tendency to depreciate the Selkirks from the standpoint of scenic grandeur and beauty. It is not absolute height that determines mountain grandeur, but the suddenness and amount of elevation above a point of view not too far away. In this respect the Selkirks compare well with the Rockies, in spite of the greater absolute height of the latter. "With the single exception of Mt. Robson, so far as the writer is aware, there is no mountain of the Rockies which some one of the Selkirks will not equal in respect to uplift above the base."

Early explorations in this region by the Government of British Columbia, with a view to the promotion of immigration, together with the engineering operations undertaken in process of locating the Canadian Pacific Railway, are succinctly described in the opening chapters. As becomes the work of a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, the volume is copiously supplied with appendices stored with information too technical to be woven into the web of the story. The vegetation of the Selkirks is discussed by Prof. F. K. Butters, of the University of Minnesota, a companion of the author in most of his explorations. Prof. E. W. D. Holway is also a contributor to this portion of the volume, and has to his credit a considerable share in the fine photographic work already mentioned. Mr. Palmer's expeditions began as vacation rambles, but the opportunity for more serious work presented itself too forcibly to be disregarded, and the result is an important contribution to the geographical literature of British Columbia. The Geographic Board of Canada has officially sanctioned more than forty local names which he has suggested, and the substance of certain chapters of his book has appeared in geographical periodicals of the highest standing, on both sides of the Atlantic. To the reader who may be tempted into the Selkirks for recreation we commend the following remark of one of Mr. Palmer's men, uttered under the stimulus of five days of soaking rain: "And they call this 'Sunny British Columbia!' Bah! A man's got to carry a slicker, a linen duster, and a fur overcoat wherever he goes."

THE COLLEGE PULPIT.

University Sermons. By Henry Sloane Coffin. New Haven: Yale University Press.

To a volume entitled "University Sermons," whose preface declares that they were preached in some thirteen of the foremost universities and colleges of America, one turns with the thought of discovering what kind of religious instruction is acceptable among college faculties and students, rather than with the purpose of estimating a particular preacher. If Dr. Coffin's discourses may be judged to be representative, we gather that college sermons need not be especially distinguished by learning. Simple preaching, in the sense of doctrine easily understood and expressed in plain language, seems to be demanded. One need not be a master in speculation, nor even a novice in the questions with which present philosophy is busied, in order to follow readily these university sermons. The problems of Eucken and Bergson are not their problems, and the burdens of the men who are striving to bring order and peace out of the confusion and struggle of our modern unrest are not their burdens.

Neither can it be said that college audiences demand eloquence or literary excellence. A matter-of-fact, every-day way of talking is sufficient. The level of discourse is distinctly lower than was deemed appro-

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priate by the generation of Channing or Robertson, and one misses the elevation of the sacred eloquence of a Martineau or a Chalmers. After reading these easy sermons, one wonders what an American college audience would make of those high discussions of the loftiest themes which compose the classic volume of "University Sermons," that of Cardinal Newman.

In certain other respects one may derive from these discourses a more favorable view of academic religious audiences. It is clear that he who preaches to them must be sincere, candid, and thoroughly persuaded of the truth he utters. He may not have thought his problem through, but he must have made a bold attack upon it. The attitude towards truth is cordial, and towards life earnest. There is no deliberate avoidance of hard tasks or unwelcome facts. The religious inquirer has marched forth into the world to discover things as they are, even if he is not very keen in their discovery or very deep in his probing. This is not to condemn Dr. Coffin. He knows his audiences, and he has provided what they were able to receive. But one may hope for a better day for religious teaching in American colleges, when, without losing any of the frankness and sincerity which are now current in these circles, their teachers and leaders may assume a deeper thoughtfulness, and both the willingness and the ability to attend to religious discussions with the earnestness which their importance in human life demands.

A MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

Pennell of the Afghan Frontier. By Alice M. Pennell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

A picturesque side of British imperialism which Kipling has exploited is the regular recurrence of family names that, in various arduous walks, have been consecrated to service. It is more than likely that in India to-day we should still find a Rivett-Carnac, a Lawrence, a Hornby, or a Gough listed somewhere in the administration, ranging from an isolated frontier post to the vice-regal staff. And the virtue of this fine tradition is that nepotism has so far not besmirched it. Nowhere is it more exemplary than in the mission field. The names of Wilson and Judson involuntarily come to mind, and to these the future will add that of Pennell, medical missionary and educator to India's hinterland on the River Indus. Mrs. Pennell, the author of this interesting record, also belongs to a family intimately connected with welfare in India. On the western coast, where her race first made its home, the Parsee family of Sorabji was an early convert to Christianity, and is a name well known in the Zenana mission work.

Dr. Theodore Leighton Pennell, after a brilliant medical career at University College, London, began his twenty years of service in India by selecting a field unknown to missionary endeavor, and little known to the Indian Government, because it lay in the territory adjoining the political "buffer state," Afghanistan. At Bannu, with his mother, and later assisted by his wife, he made his headquarters, far from official Peshawar, at a time when British control over the marauding tribes on the frontier was first being felt. The punitive expeditions of the past thirty years constitute the tale of its turbulent history. Gifted with remarkable patience and tact, and with the courageous qualities that alone commend themselves to these lawless "sons of Beni Israel," Dr. Pennell slowly won their confidence. No tribute can be too great to pay his courage in pushing his faith among these fanatical followers of El Islam. After acquiring the Pushtu dialect of the Pathans, as the frontier tribes are generically known, he opened a school and dispensary at Bannu; he adopted the tribal dress and food, and, unarmed, he made long pilgrimages and boldly preached in the hostile bazaars. The following passage is characteristic:

> We say diamond cuts diamond, and so I have found that it requires a converted Pathan to cope with a Pathan bazaar audience. Even the appearance of a group of dishevelled, fierce-looking Waziris from the hills is often sufficient to make the down-country catechist suggest that he thinks there has been enough preaching for that day; while when, as sometimes happens in a village, they are armed with Martini-Henrys and pistols and swords, goods are packed up at once for removal. A common Pushtu proverb corresponds to our "Tender-handed hold a nettle, it will sting you for your pains; grasp it as a man of mettle, soft as silk it then remains," and describes the treatment best for themselves; for anything like showing the white feather in the bazaar soon renders further preaching impossible.

Many amusing incidents are narrated showing the conflict between Western medical practice and Eastern superstition, anecdotes that should prove valuable to the profession at large and the medical missionary in particular. Ethnological differences have been observed and recorded, and these, with the folklore, descriptions, and illustrations of a little-known region, present to the student, in an informal manner, the results of a trained and varied experience. It was one of the ambitions of Dr. Pennell that he should some day preach in the bazaars of Cabul, the Amir's capital, and it is to be hoped that, at no distant future, an enlightened Amir will welcome the establishment of a medical mission, particularly one devoted to Zenana work. Since the death of Dr. Pennell, in 1912, the mission hospital at Bannu has become a permanent institution. The profits on this book, and a previous one by Dr. Pennell, "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier," will be devoted to the Afghan Medical Mission. Further evidence of the closeness of family and service in India is shown in the fact that the introduction is contributed by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, who won fame in the Afghan Campaign by his march to Khandahar, and who was related to Dr. Pennell. In a valuable appendix is a glossary of words used in this region, and uncommon in India.

TECHNIQUE OF MODERN TACTICS.

A Study in Troop Leading. By Majors P. S. Bond and M. J. McDonough. Menasha, Wisconsin: The Collegiate Press, George Banta Publishing Co.

This book is addressed to a special class, not so much of readers as of students. It is not in any sense a textbook; that is, it does not pretend to present in a specially ordered form the principles of its subject, but is rather a formulary, so to say, bearing a general relation to any textbook or treatise whatsoever, or, better, to the general subject of troop-leading. Hence, this book makes no appeal to the civilian, who may wish as a matter of general information to know what the military world to-day is doing in the domain of tactics. It is first and last a book for officers, and chiefly, we take it, for officers of the regular army, since but few volunteers, militiamen, or National Guardsmen will have had the time or opportunity, even if they have had the inclination, to lay the foundation that alone can make the book useful. But to the officer, whether of regulars or of volunteers, who knows his Griepenkerl and the Field Service Regulations, who has solved, or helped to solve, problems both on the map and on the terrain, this book will unquestionably be of profit, because it states concisely the principles that govern, or ought to govern, the various situations that may present themselves.

With this object in view the authors have given us chapters on the usual subjects of patrolling, advance guards, marches, the special tactics of artillery and of cavalry, combat, and so on. They have offered a touchstone by which a student may test his results as he advances. Under these conditions, qualities of style are not to be expected, nor that gradual development of theme without which a professed textbook would be sadly in fault. But this work is so far from being a textbook that its chapters are almost susceptible of separate and independent existences as brief presentations of the subjects treated. This statement should in no wise be taken as detracting from its merits; in our opinion, the authors intended no other thing than this independence of treatment. Since the entire book contains barely 340 pages, it is clear that but little space has, or can have, been devoted to any one subject. Take, for example, the chapter on patrolling: this important matter is treated in little more than eight pages; to conclude from this that the treatment is inadequate would be to commit a serious error, for any commander of a patrol who accurately carries out the prescriptions of this short chapter will have given a good account of himself. The other subjects, of course, are more fully treated; for example,

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Outposts and Combat, to each of which some forty pages are given.

The chief characteristic of the book is its compactness, obtained by the complete omission of everything that is unessential. In fact, it is but seldom that one encounters a text so free from anything that would tend to divert the attention of the reader from the real issue. The authors would be the last to claim originality for their effort, but certainly they have succeeded in giving the service a plain, practical, business-like aid in the study of a subject that is likely to grow in importance in our land. Wherever the nature of the subject has permitted it, following the modern practice, they have given examples of orders to be issued. Owing to the special audience addressed by this work, we may pardon the sparing use made of diagrams and the almost complete lack of maps. But it is impossible to pardon the absence of an index; should a second edition be called for, the authors owe it to their readers to make good this deficiency.

DEFENSIVE AGGRESSION.

Roman Imperialism. By Tenney Frank. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Professor Frank has given us in this volume a readable and reasonable account of the territorial growth of Rome, the motives by which it was prompted and controlled, and the reactions of accomplished imperialism upon the centre about which it grew. It is constantly insisted, and correctly so, that the spirit of conquest for its own sake was not a Roman trait at all. The ancient fetial law, treated by the Romans with sincere reverence, regarded war as abhorrent to the gods unless waged to repress aggression from without. It need not be contended that Rome was always accurate in her decisions as to where aggression began, but in the border wars that led her gradually to the absorption of the Italian peninsula the evidence that her action was sincerely felt as essentially defensive is abundant and satisfactory.

The view that economic considerations were a controlling motive in the destruction of Carthage and Corinth in the second century B. C. is effectively combated. The Romans had as yet no vital interest in foreign commerce. Puteoli, one hundred and fifty miles from the city, was allowed to remain the chief harbor for foreign trade, and it was not until 42 A. D. that the sand bar at the mouth of the Tiber was dredged and jetties built so as to provide adequate facilities for large vessels. Evidently, Professor Frank concludes, the "shippers' lobby" had not been an effective force in the Roman Senate. The earlier additions to the empire outside of Italy, both west and east, came rather in spite of the inclinations of the ruling Senatorial oligarchy than in accordance with them.

It is only with Pompey that expansion became for a time a dominant principle. At this period the Roman knights had large investments in the East, and Pompey was one of their own number. By effecting a shrewd coalition of the knights and the democracy Pompey had gained the consulship, and when the chance came of succeeding Lucullus in the East, the handling of extraordinary military power in the interests of the capitalistic class which had made its bestowal possible was the natural result. Julius Cæsar, too, was an aggressive expansionist, but through motives of personal ambition and not because he was pushed on by expansionist sentiment at home, or felt in his own heart that the interests of Rome demanded such additions to its territory as he made. But for the tragedy of the ides of March, the author is of the opinion that he would have gone on, in the spirit of an Alexander, as soon as the necessary reorganization at Rome should have been effected.

The closing chapter sketches briefly the later additions of territory, leading up to the time when "finally the overgrown empire imposed a burden of rule upon the conquerors that levelled the whole state to a condition of servitude." If one had more reason for confidence in the effect of history as "philosophy teaching by example," this volume might be hopefully recommended to those who see in present circumstances a call to our own Government to enter upon a course of expansion southward.

Notes

"Oscar Wilde and Myself," by Lord Alfred Douglas, will be published to-morrow by Duffield.

The following books are included in the August list of Frederick A. Stokes Company: "Perch of the Devil," by Gertrude Atherton; "Every Man His Own Mechanic," by John Barnard; "Some Sporting Dogs," by F. T. Barton; "Dogs, Their Selection, Breeding, Etc.," by F. T. Barton; "Art," by Clive Bell; "The Contented Mind," by Thomas Burke; "English Literature Through the Ages," by Amy Cruse; "Thistledown," by Robert Ford; "The Complete Boxer," by J. G. Bohun Lynch; "A Day in the Moon," by the Abbé Moreux; "Messmates," by Edward Step; "British Painters," by J. E. Staley; "The Life and Adventures of Arminius Vambery," by Arminius Vambery; "Operas by Richard Wagner"; "Insect Biographies," by J. J. Ward; "The French Revolution," by H. F. B. Wheeler; "Garden Trees and Shrubs," by W. P. Wright; "Short Cuts to Sketching," by Hayward Young.

"Who's Who in America" (Vol. VIII, for the years 1914-1915) has come to us from the press of A. N. Marquis & Co., of Chicago. The present issue of this convenient work adds 4,426 new life-sketches, making a total of 21,459. It is hardly necessary for us to point out the high claims of this publication as a book of reference.

We have also received the English Who's Who for 1914, published in London by Adam & Charles Black and imported by Macmillan. This is its sixty-sixth year of issue. As it aims to include the names of notable persons the world over, its convenience for reference is evident.

Readers who wish to keep abreast of current articles on the Italian Risorgimento will regret that the Italian National Society for Risorgimento History has changed the title of its official organ to *Rassegna Storica del Risorgimento* (Città di Castello: S. Lapi). Its editor is Prof. G. Gallavresi, of Milan. The former review, *Il Risorgimento Italiano,* of which seven volumes have appeared under the auspices of the Society, has now been taken over by Sig. T. Palamenghi-Crispi, who, to judge from the first two issues, intends to make it the mouthpiece of his personal opinions (Turin: Fratelli Bocca). Both journals are bi-monthly; but members of the Society receive, besides the *Rassegna,* a monthly *Bullettino.*

With the exception of Green's "Short History of the English People," "all the comprehensive histories of England which could by any possibility be printed in one volume in legible type have been written as classbooks for use in schools, or have at least been composed primarily with a view to the needs of the youthful reader." This condition, coupled with the belief that there might be a place for a one-volume history "of the British nation, not confined to the English people," is the explanation offered by A. D. Innes for his "History of England from the Earliest Times to the Present Day" (Putnam; $3.50). Although it appeared in England some time ago, its importation into this country coincides with the appearance of the first volume of his four-volume work on the same subject, noticed in these columns on March 26. The book is bulky, but is attractively printed, readable, trustworthy, and full of pictures, maps, and plans. It should not only "appeal to that vast public who do desire to know the history of their native country, but are repelled by the classbook," but also find readers in this country.

In "Some World-Circuit Saunterings" (San Francisco: Elder; $2), by William Ford Nichols, Bishop of California, "The chief concern is religion," as the compositor irreverently has the author declare. The sly rogue elsewhere makes the pious ecclesiastic describe the bodies at Pompeii as "distorted and writhing *in extremus.*" Possibly he did not expect to be found out, as the volume is intended as a souvenir to those who celebrated the Bishop's twentieth anniversary by presenting him with a trip around the world. Naturally more than a quarter of the space is devoted to tarryings during an Easter season in the eastern Mediterranean countries, and all of the sightseeing is done with a cleric's eye. The personal recitals and the momentary infusions of pulpit eloquence render the account edifying for the heavenly-minded.

A second edition of Henry Osborn Taylor's "The Mediæval Mind" has just been issued by Macmillan ($5). The book was reviewed in these columns (July 6, 1911) upon its first appearance. The work has increased little in bulk, the chief addition being a chapter on the towns and guilds of the crusades. There are many minor alterations in statement and in style; all that have come to our notice are distinctly for the better. In its improved form, the book should long remain, with its

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sympathetic and discriminating analysis, an indispensable guide to the spirit of the Middle Ages.

The best account of John Woolman supplementary to his Journal has hitherto been the memoir by that other great American Quaker, Whittier, written in 1871; a study acutely critical and sympathetic, though slightly disordered as to perspective by Whittier's inclination to trace too much of the original impulse for the abolition of human slavery to the earnest Jerseyman. To this memoir W. Teignmouth Shore, in "John Woolman: His Life and Our Times" (Macmillan; $1.50), has added only by deepening the picture of the provincial society in which Woolman lived, and collecting a few new scraps of information on his life from Quaker repositories in Pennsylvania and Yorkshire. The bulk of the volume is a reprint, with thin comment, of chronological selections from the Journal, those only being chosen which further the direct narrative action. For a portrait of the heart of the devout tailor, of the inner being of this "schöne Seele," the reader must revert to the complete autobiography. The Bunyan-like struggles between Woolman's youthful exuberance and piety, his slow-maturing protestantism against an unequal social system, his misgivings when his shop became too profitable, his ministrations from a sense of divine impulse, express a character which can be rendered only by his own sustained narrative; and Mr. Shore manifests little talent for the religious and psychological analysis which Woolman so strongly invites.

The chapters on The People Called Quakers, The New Jersey Quakers, Woolman and the Negroes, Philadelphia, and Other Friends are the ones in which the book attempts its service in setting the Journal against its background of time, place, and social and intellectual environment. The material, collected from many sources, is none too well digested. Research, of necessity, was of a generalized, not a localized character, and we see less of what specifically touched Woolman's life than of what was known to be characteristic of his people and province. A praiseworthy picture might have resulted, had the author held to a clearer point of view; but a weakness in the selection of materials results in a disregard of proportion. Thus the chapter on Woolman and the Negroes dismisses ministerial tours along the Jersey coast, in New England, and in Pennsylvania with a few lines each, but includes apropos of an unimportant visit to John Smith, of Burlington, a long description of that town, extracts from Gov. Belcher's journal, B. de Warville's account of the life of the neighboring farmers, Smith's relation of a fire in the meeting-house ten years previous, and a description from a manuscript of a fine day in the meadows near by. Assuming that the author's aim was to present a smooth and comprehensive picture of colonial Quaker life, his jumble of long direct quotations is often inexcusable. It is not mentioned by Mr. Shore that George Fox and William Edmundson, visitors to the Barbados in 1671 and 1675, respectively, fifty years before Woolman's birth, initiated the crusade which regarded slavery as incompatible with Christianity, and which thereafter, as Letters and Petitions show, grew fast among Quakers. Nor does he trace the reformer's difficulty in meeting the two schools of Quakers, one the liberal followers of Penn, the other those of the more ascetic Fox. The humility of Woolman was able to fill the need for cautious tact in dealing with the wealthier Quakers without abatement of his inner zeal; and the instinctive modesty of his narrative makes necessary a careful re-definition of his performance, which this account fails to give. On the other hand, Mr. Shore's appreciation of the beauty and simplicity of Woolman's character is adequate, and these qualities are happily illustrated by anecdotes from the *Friend's Review* and elsewhere.

It is the ironic fate of the Greeks, who were the least sentimental of men, to inspire a modern literature—chiefly English—in which our strong sentimentality blooms unashamed. Pater made this respectable. When he wrote of the Greeks you could see nothing but the whites of his eyes, and his style rose to its highest expression of restrained hysteria. "The Greek Spirit," by Kate Stephens (Sturgis & Walton; $1.50 net), bears internal evidence of not having been written by Pater, but it is executed in his mood of chastened emotion. In its matter it is a good little book; the author cites no authorities, but she is plainly familiar with the recent discussions of scholars, and uses good judgment in her selection among rival theories. Her account of Orphism and the mystery religions is particularly to be commended for its presentation of new theories with a discretion that avoids their most debatable corollaries. She discusses in the light of modern scholarship the Argean civilization that preceded the Hellenic, the heroic age, and the age of personal and political democracy, dwelling on the religion, the art, and the view of life dominant in each. But her sensible judgments are clothed in a style distractingly droll, especially in comparison with the laws of prose in vogue among the people she is speaking of. Of the austere virility of Pericles's funeral oration, she says that "it glows with the amethystine light of a people's grief." In deploring the brevity of the great period, she says, "The centuries the spirit of Greece dured in splendid triumph are as the flight of a bird thro' a summer garden." Her constant violation of Aristotle's canon that prose is one thing and poetry another may unhappily do for her book what she says the poverty of the soil did for Greece, keep out "cupidious inraiders."

The volume which Henri Cordier, member of the Institut, and professor in the School of Oriental Languages of Paris, calls "Mélanges Américains" (Maisonneuve & Fils) comprises twenty-eight papers, ranging from a report on the meeting of the Eighth International Geographical Congress at Washington in 1904 to a description of the exhibits in secondary education at the St. Louis Exposition, and to non-controversial notes on Peary and Cook. The lay interest of the collection is confined to these last two contributions, and to a travel sketch of Buenos Ayres and Argentina. For the historian there are slight memoranda on unpublished Paris documents relating to Père Marquette, and on recent investigations of Columbus's life. But the author is chiefly concerned with the Congrès des Américanistes and its researches into New World archæology and ethnography. To tributes to Dr. E. T. Hamy and Gen. John Read, and digests of the 1910 and 1912 meetings, are added his own incursions into the field—bibliographical essays, and a refutation of the theory that the Chinese legend of the land of Fou-Sang argues early knowledge of North America. Much that is chaff from any point of view might profitably have been omitted. M. Cordier's aim seems to have been to reprint from scientific periodicals anything and everything he has written for a decade relating to America.

A comparative study of constitutional development and present-day administration in the United States, Canada, Australia, and South Africa, entitled "The Federal Systems of the United States and the British Empire" (Little, Brown), is written by Arthur P. Poley, an English barrister of imperialistic leanings. About a third of the book is devoted to historical surveys; the remaining chapters deal with questions of public law and contemporary government. The author's method is to outline the government of each federation in turn, emphasizing points of similarity and difference as he goes along. The outcome is far from satisfactory. Superficial resemblances among these federations there are in plenty, as every student of political science knows; and superficial differences, too. But to reiterate them all in scrappy paragraphs is not to "break new ground," as Mr. Poley imagines. What we want to be told is whether all these things are merely superficial or whether they vitally affect the course of daily administration in the different lands. The experienced student of political science has long since found out that similar legal machinery turns out a different product on two sides of an ocean or at two ends of a continent. Mr. Poley has missed most of his opportunities by not carrying his study beyond the limits of merely textual comparison. The judgments meted out upon men and measures are neither sure nor suggestive. Here, for instance, is the summary estimate of Durham's great work in Canada: "His two mistakes were the passing of the ordinance deporting the prisoners and a proclamation to the people of Canada justifying his acts. His success has been justified by time" (p. 185). Surely the great tribune of colonial autonomy is entitled to a more enlightening epitaph than this! The volume makes dull reading and the author's logic is not always better than his style. "The United States," he tells us, "broke away from their Mother Country, introduced a federal system, and has prospered amazingly under it, there seems no reason, therefore, why the three Imperial Federations should not meet with at least as great a measure of success" (p. 445). Even the much-maligned American undergraduate does not often shamble his thoughts into their clothes more clumsily than that.

In Madame N. Jarintzoff's "Russia: the Country of Extremes" (Henry Holt; $4 net), we have a valuable study of a fascinating and apparently inexhaustible subject. The book had its nucleus in a number of articles published in the English reviews, yet, oddly enough, these original chapters are the least pertinent. It is in padding out her material to volume size that the author has given us her best work, and come closest to justifying the title of the book. The original articles were historical in nature, and interesting enough in a rather academic fashion. It is the chapters dealing with the Russia of to-day that give us a vivid picture of a land and a people of extremes—a land of great cruelties and enormous sensibilities, a land of despotism and extraordinary individual liberty, a

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nation of illiterates swayed by doctrinaires of the book, a people of that extraordinary emotionalism which we have learned to think essential to the "Slav spirit," yet given to the remorseless application of logical principles. Excellent is the introductory chapter, The Country of Extremes, in which the author states her thesis and supports it with happily chosen illustrations. But better still is the chapter Agents Provocateurs, in which Madame Jarintzoff retells the amazing story of Father Gapon and the terrorist police spy Azeff. Even now the complete facts about these two tragic figures are inaccessible, but so far as the story can be told the writer has told it. The reader will form his conception of the land of extremes from this amazing chronicle of revolution and absolutism in a struggle in which human motive attains a complexity that is almost of the madhouse. It is difficult to say even now whether Gapon and Azeff were police spies or revolutionary agitators, because it would have been difficult for these men themselves to say what they were, so hopelessly complicated was the game which they attempted to play. In these men the extremes of the Russian nature attain a dæmonic climax.

A new book by H. Fielding Hall, "The Passing of Empire" (Boston: Houghton Mifflin; $2.50), is not altogether a wail of despair, though it certainly embodies a counsel of perfection. Mr. Hall, whose previous books on Burma have shown his sympathy with the people and contempt of received opinion, believes that the British Government suffers from fixed ideas, and his laudable object in this work is to overthrow these ideas before the ideas overthrow the empire. The government of the village should be restored to the village fathers; opium should not be prohibited entirely, as it is a useful and at times a necessary drug; local option should go "by areas and not races" (at present in the same area a man of one race is fined for that which one of another race may do). The courts, civil and criminal, are the battlefield of contending perjurers, and law is "mainly a denial of humanity and justice." What won India was English (British) personality, not ability; but nowadays all personality is swamped by education. The Indian civilian should be a good sport rather than a good scholar; this would cure him of priggishness. The district officer should be taught to "try to avoid work as much as he can"; at present he is an officious busybody. The first rule of successful government is to understand the people, and that rule is now ignored. All this is what the Indians nearer home call "good talk," and Mr. Hall's illustrative stories, gleaned from his own wide experience, are capital reading as well as striking evidence in favor of his views.

Disappointment awaits the reader of Charles W. Domville-Fife's "Guatemala and the States of Central America" (Pott; $3 net). Attractive in appearance, coming at a time when our interest in the countries of the Caribbean is greater than ever before, fairly well provided with illustrations, and apparently comprehensive in scope, it is all the more annoying to find, in the first place, that the illustrations do not illustrate the text, and in the second place, that the spirit in which the book has been written is not that of "truth at any price." Beginning with a quotation to the effect that "the lands under the political dominion of the Latin-American nations may be equalled in fertility, natural wealth, and abundance of mineral deposits elsewhere on the surface of the globe, *but they are nowhere surpassed*," it may fairly be claimed that the note of warning is struck at once. Nevertheless, one is not prepared for such excessive praise and adulation of Estrada Cabrera, coming from the pen of an English writer, even though he did once cause universal surprise by including Guatemala in his book on "The Great States of South America." To any one who has followed the course of the Central American states during the past decade it will certainly be refreshing news to learn that Guatemala "has assumed a thoroughly settled political condition." Of course, a truculent hoodlum on whom a tyrannical schoolmaster is sitting may perhaps be said to have assumed a "thoroughly settled" position.

The author has quoted at unnecessary length from the sacred book, "Popol Vuh." He touches lightly on the Spanish conquest; although he finds space to emphasize the barbarities of the Spanish adventurers, which included "burning, dismembering, the roasting alive of children, the hanging of children by the neck to their mothers' waists, hanging above a fire, disembowelling, flogging, impaling on stakes, and mauling by dogs." These barbarities, which are pictured in the English translation of Las Casas, are accepted by Mr. Domville-Fife, as by so many of his countrymen, at their face value. It is a great pity that Professor Bourne could not have been spared a few years longer to continue his work of counteracting, in the interests of scientific history, the exaggerations of Las Casas. Mr. Domville-Fife lays great stress on the "fêtes of Minerva," with which President Cabrera has been amusing himself for several years past. That Estrada Cabrera's campaign to persuade foreigners that Guatemala is in the forefront of modern progress has not been in vain, is evidenced on nearly every page of this book. Indeed, one almost suspects that the volume must have received official sanction.

To the Biblioteca Classica Italiana Prof. Michele Scherillo, the well-known scholar of the Milan Accademia, contributes an edition of Boccaccio's "Decameron," intended for "cultivated persons" and for schools. Having these readers in view, the editor omits those of the *Novelle* which he deems too coarse; but he summarizes the omitted novels without referring to their objectionable passages. His own general introduction of over seventy pages is full of erudition, and may be recommended to mature students of literature. For this excellent series Professor Scherillo has already edited Alfieri ("La Vita Nuova"), Leopardi ("I Canti"), Manzoni (plays and poems), Parini and Pellico (Milan: Hoepli; lire 4).

An illuminating view of several important periods of religious history is given in Vol. VI of the "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics" (Scribner; $7 net), containing articles Fiction-Hyksos. Among the most interesting of the lower tribes mentioned are the Hottentots (whose origin is still an enigma), the Hawaiians, the great Huron group, and the pagan Huichols of Mexico. On a higher level there is a brief but well-considered account of the Hyksos. The article "God" attempts, not unsuccessfully, a survey of the theistic beliefs of all the known peoples of the world; but to the present reviewer it seems a pity that in the opening section of this composite article, entitled "Primitive and Savage," Andrew Lang has repeated at some length his favorite view that the idea of a supreme being, an All-Father, often self-existent, creative, and ethical, is widely diffused among savage peoples—his argument, giving a one-sided picture of early life, can hardly fail to be misleading, an unwelcome attachment to his great services to the early history of religious conceptions. There are short articles on various subordinate deities and other mythological figures. The history of Christian thought is illustrated by a number of separate studies, condensed but clear. The article "Gospels" sets forth some leading principles of Gospel-criticism, but its conclusion must be checked by consultation of fuller discussions. There is a convenient outline of Gnostic teaching, and a welcome sketch of the constitution and present condition of the Greek Orthodox Church, supplemented by accounts of Humanism and Gallicanism. It will be a surprise to many to find the Gypsies included among Christians, but the documents cited cannot be ignored. In the excellent description of the varied fortunes of the Huguenots the importance of the political element, especially under Richelieu (the unity of France), might perhaps be brought out more prominently. The complicated question of the Holy Grail is fairly treated.

The article "Hinduism" may be called an admirable feat of organization. To give an intelligible sketch of the vast mass of religious thought in the India of the last dozen centuries requires not only minute knowledge of customs, but also perception of their organic relations and historical development; and the article furnishes much desired information about the actual religious life of present-day India. To the literature on the Granth (the Sikh sacred writings) should now be added M. Bloomfield's paper on "Studies in the History of Religions presented to C. H. Toy." The Iranian religion is represented by the articles Fravashis, Gabars (the remnant of the Persian Zoroastrians), and Haoma; in the last-named it would have been well to state clearly, for the benefit of the general reader, that the origin of the name of the plant, referred to on p. 506 f., from the alleged pious sage Haoma, is merely a bit of folklore. For the religion of the Hittites there is a well-considered summary of the details now accessible. A very useful sketch is the article "Greek Religion," which gives the elements of the Hellenic cultus, and traces its development, by periods, down to the disappearance of Greek independence; it is an authoritative introduction to the more extended discussion of the subject. The less-known Græco-Egyptian religion is treated also in an illumining way—the rôle of the Sarapis cult (though its origin is still obscure) is well brought out; the limits of the article exclude the later history of the Isis cult.

In addition to these studies of the great religions, many important early customs are described, among which may be specially mentioned the widely diffused custom of human sacrifice. There is a considerable list of moral and religious qualities, holiness being treated as originally a form of taboo; and, as bearing on the moral culture of the

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community, the Mendelian theory (in the article "Heredity") is expounded at length, with a timely warning against rash "eugenic" legislation, especially the attempt to control marriage. Not a few fundamental questions (First Cause, Free Will, Good and Evil) in the sphere of philosophy are treated in detail, and generally freely and cautiously, and philosophers from Heraclitus to T. H. Green receive due mention. Account is taken also of such writers as Goethe, Heine, and Herder. The article "Fiction" gives a substantially full survey of works of fiction, with estimates of their literary value, in all parts of the world from the earliest times to the present, and a few sentences are devoted to those of them that discuss religious questions; but more space might be given in this Encyclopædia to the contributions made in many modern novels to the history of actual religious and moral life, apart from dogma and speculation, under the conditions that confront men and women in ordinary experiences.

One of the best books called forth by the Federal Income Tax law is that edited by Henry Campbell Black, and published by the Vernon Law Book Company, of Kansas City, Mo. Like others of its class, its primary purpose is the preëmption of this field of legal literature, while the editor is waiting for Federal decisions which shall give an authoritative construction to this somewhat novel piece of Federal legislation. The "watchful waiting" character of the book is attested by the Appendix, constituting about one-third of the volume and containing not only the Act of 1913, but all prior Federal income tax statutes, as well as the various State enactments on this topic. Mr. Black holds the opinion that all of this legislation will be treated by the Federal courts *in pari materia;* and that the judicial decisions interpreting the earlier statutory provisions will have value as precedents, when similar provisions of the Federal act are to be construed and applied. The author has gained an excellent reputation as a writer upon constitutional law and the interpretation of statutes, which will secure respectful consideration for the views which he presents on the new Income Tax law. Many of the principles to be applied in controversies under this statute have been worked out by English courts and by some of our tribunals. These are presented with clearness by the author and supported by abundant citations. Treasury decisions under the act of 1913 have been carefully analyzed, and the treatise shows every indication of desire and ability on Mr. Black's part to make it a serviceable and trustworthy hand-book on income-tax law in the United States.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

A correspondent of the London *Tablet* warns publishers against the delusion of supposing that the public craves "vest-pocket" editions in small print on India paper. The question arises in connection with a 48mo edition of the Breviary, in which, it is alleged, the type is undesirably small, while the paper is so fine in texture that the keenest razor is too blunt to separate two pages stuck together. The critic maintains that the day is past for squat little books of this kind. People do not really want publications that will go into the vest pocket. They much prefer editions after the model of the Dent classics, whose vogue is largely due to the handiness and attractiveness of their format. An essential to real portability is a certain slimness of form, which allows a book to lie evenly and unobtrusively along the person.

The Congress of Ethnology and Ethnography, which lately met at Neuchâtel, was largely attended. It is needless to say that Switzerland presents a field of extraordinary interest to specialists in these departments. There is probably no other country which presents so completely and so variously the *monumenta* of past civilizations—lacustre, Helvetic, Roman, and mediæval. They are piled one upon the other like the geological strata in the Alpine rocks. Consequently, at the present time, when old Switzerland is fast disappearing on account of the exploitation of the country for the benefit of foreign tourists, it is felt that no time should be lost in studying with increasing zeal the peculiarities, archæological, anthropological, and ethnological, which are everywhere in evidence. Even on the surface, the characteristics which distinguish populations living shoulder to shoulder, like those of Grisons, Valais, and the Bernese Oberland, are plainly marked. Not long ago the Swiss Institute of Anthropology was founded at Geneva, which has lately begun the publication of a review: *Archives suisses d'Anthropologie générale.* Hitherto, the publications on this subject by Swiss authors saw the light only in foreign periodicals.

The valuable mural paintings which are so numerous at Bâle are engaging the attention of conservators of art. Among these paintings, the best are to be found in the Münster, in the Predigerkirche, and in the Peterskirche. Some of these artistic treasures at Bâle date from the early Middle Ages. Some were injured in the earthquake of 1356; others have been damaged by the artificial heating of buildings, or by the infiltration of moisture. It is proposed, not to undertake the restoration of the paintings, but only to preserve the colors and to prevent further decay.

The question, what is Switzerland to do with its already large, and always growing, foreign population is discussed in a short treatise entitled "Un Problème National. La Population Etablie en Suisse." The author is Albert Picot, a well-known Geneva advocate. He examines his problem from every point of view, presents interesting statistics as to the peaceful foreign invasion of Switzerland, points out the dangers, and suggests certain remedies. The subject has already given rise to discussions which are to be found in official reports and in pamphlets. To counteract the denationalization of Switzerland, caused by the influx of strangers, M. Picot, following the opinion of the Government commission appointed to inquire into the matter, recommends: (1.) Conservation of the *jus sanguinis* (the nationality of the parents attributed to the children) for foreigners who remain only temporarily in Swiss territory. (2.) Adoption of the *jus soli* (the attribution to the child of the nationality of his birthplace) for children whose father is a native of Switzerland, for children whose mother is a native of Switzerland, and for children whose father or mother has lived in Switzerland for ten years. (3.) Opportunity granted to foreigners to acquire full naturalization (nationalité) if they have been born in Switzerland or have been resident there for fifteen years.

Students of representative government will find much that is interesting in the debates of the Swiss National Council this summer on the question of proportional representation. The system, already adopted in certain cantons, seems to have worked well, especially in preventing certain unnatural alliances between political parties in the minority which were not favorable to political ethics. The debates, while they have not presented much that was new or profound from the scientific point of view, have been serious and on a high plane. The testimony as to the workings of the system of proportional representation, given by practical politicians, furnishes interesting reading.

Science

MORRIS LOEB.

The Scientific Work of Morris Loeb. By T. W. Richards. Harvard University Press. $2 net.

Under this title Professor Richards has edited all of Dr. Loeb's publications on scientific topics, and parts of several essays found in manuscript, adding a few prefatory pages which contain a fitting appreciation of the life and character of the author. The volume is published as a memorial to a man of rare gifts and of many-sided activities, and the papers are of interest as the thoughtful and suggestive contributions of one of the American pioneers of the new physical chemistry. One of the papers, on "The Fundamental Ideas of Physical Chemistry," is of especial significance, as it forms one of the very first presentations of the subject on this side of the Atlantic, and is by a chemist fresh from the inspiring instruction of Ostwald and Nernst. Among the other papers are: "Das Phosgen und seine Abkömmlinge," Loeb's inaugural dissertation for his doctorate at Berlin in 1887; "Coal Tar Colors," an encyclopædia article; "Osmotic Pressure"; "Electrolytic Dissociation"; "Atoms and Molecules," a popular address; "Hypothesis of Radiant Matter"; "Sir Isaac Newton"; and "Oliver Wolcott Gibbs." There are also an address on "The Conditions Affecting Chemistry in New York," the presidential address at the opening of the Chemists' Building, and a number of papers giving the results of various investigations.

Morris Loeb graduated from Harvard in 1883, and afterwards studied under Hofmann in Berlin, where he took his doctor's degree in 1887. He then spent some months in Heidelberg and Leipzig. On his return to this country in 1888 he was so thoroughly imbued with love for science that the brilliant financial position open to him in his father's banking house was ignored, and, after a short time as voluntary private assistant to his former teacher, Wolcott Gibbs, he became docent at Clark University, and two years later professor of chemistry at New York University. This professorship he held for fifteen years, resigning in 1906,

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not from loss of interest in chemistry or teaching, but because of the pressure of many outside demands and the responsibilities which came to him at this time.

He always maintained a private laboratory where he continued his investigations as opportunity permitted. In 1908 he was appointed one of the committee of the Harvard overseers to visit the Chemical Laboratory, and it was on his initiative and through the gift of $50,000 from his brother and himself that the Wolcott Gibbs Memorial Laboratory for research was founded at Harvard.

Another enterprise which took much of his time was the Chemists' Club of New York, and it was largely through his exertions and generosity that the dignified building on Forty-first Street, with its admirable library, its laboratories, and its various provisions for comfort and service, was erected. The large plan for usefulness to the chemists of the country which has been carried out in this unique chemical centre reflects Dr. Loeb's broad-minded attitude of service to his fellows. The Chemists' Club is much more than a clubhouse for local members; it contains an auditorium for scientific lectures, a large and increasing chemical library administered in the interests of all who care to use it, and well-equipped laboratories for private rental.

Dr. Loeb did much to stimulate interest in the notable Eighth International Congress of Applied Chemistry, held in Washington and New York in the summer of 1912, and contributed largely to the success of the meeting. The illness which caused his death on October 8, 1912, is believed to have been due to his over-exertion in welcoming at Washington the delegates to the Congress.

Morris Loeb was a man of high ideals, of keen sympathy, of unselfish and generous devotion to the improvement of the lot of the poor and unfortunate; and his large charitable work, his liberal benefactions, and helpful acts were so modestly carried out that they were almost unknown by the general public.

From among the many tributes to Dr. Loeb's memory which are collected in a memorial volume privately printed by the Chemists' Club, we may quote the following as summing up the general appreciation of his life and character:

Morris Loeb, chemist, investigator, educator, upright and useful citizen, altruist, philanthropist, generous patron and benefactor of art, of sciences, and of all good works, ever ready to bear more than his share of the burdens of the community, and always to be found on the side of righteousness, justice, and truth, lived his life of quiet power without arrogance or display. Always modest concerning his own distinguished career and many accomplishments, with charity towards all and unkind criticism of none, he was ever a courteous, genial, and polished gentleman of high ideals, whose chief aim and purpose was to be of assistance to his fellow-men, and who realized to the full that the highest reward of service is the privilege of having been of service.

Drama and Music

A SUCCESSFUL ITALIAN DRAMATIST.

SEM BENELLI'S STAGE ARCHITECTURE.

Sem Benelli has enjoyed a fair success on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera in New York. What shall we say of the extraordinary enthusiasm he awakens in the Italian public? The reception of the "Cena delle beffe" ("The Practical Joke") was comparable only to that of Rostand's "Cyrano" in Paris. His latest triumph, "La Gorgona," the seventh now that he has witnessed, shows that whatever may be the scope of his genius, Sem Benelli has at least caught the secret of moving his contemporaries to a degree that few dramatists of the day have attained.

Sem Benelli's friends have been quick to point out in his verse a rhythm new to the tradition of the Italian classic stage. He has, they say, recreated the eleven-syllable line, bringing it back to conversational reality, freeing it from artificial transpositions, from a general tone of conventionality. Academic criticism is prone to refer to such technical causes phenomena that are really deeper and more vital. If there be in Sem Benelli's poetry a naturalness hitherto lacking to the Italian verse drama, surely it is not merely a question of the position of a cæsura. His alleged superior naturalness must be due rather to a clearer view of reality itself. The objectification of that vision may perhaps demand a modification of inherited poetic conventions. But to understand his art we must do more than isolate these superficial characteristics, which are not the cause but the remote results of his distinctive individuality.

To get a candid view of Sem Benelli, we must brush aside some of the fustian he holds out to his public and possibly to himself. "No people," he says in prelude to "La maschera di Bruto" ("The False Patriot"), "continues in legend the life of its ancestors as does the Florentine," the Italian. The cult of the past is, in fact, one of the great motives in Italian life and letters; that is why Futurism is predominantly an Italian question in art, one extreme producing another. Sem Benelli means to avail himself of this interest in ancient things. He lays his "Love of the Three Kings" in the times of the barbaric invasions. His Rosmunda harks back to Belisarius. The Medicean court of the Renaissance suggests two of his plays; academic life of the sixteenth century another. And now his "Gorgona" utilizes memories of mediæval Pisa. I say utilizes; for in the "Gorgona," as in the other plays, the rôle of history is merely that of a device. It lends probability to various mechanical assemblings of situation out of which emotions may be made to spring. It arouses a sense of vagueness, abstracting the audience from the pressure of immediate associations. Sem Benelli, if he were frank with himself, would admit that to what is not real in his constructions he gives the mask of reality by submerging it in the hazy atmosphere of the past, an atmosphere as hazy as possible. In no one of his plays does he raise an historical question, or reintegrate an historical figure. Not even his Lorenzino requires the author's assurance that "he has lived in his spiritual companionship"; for no one cares, artistically speaking, whether Lorenzino dei Medici was a false patriot or not. Sem Benelli's history is a pose: in this phase of his work he illustrates an hypocrisy common enough in contemporary Italian art to furnish a pretext for the Futurist revolt.

The words "art" and "poetry" are frequent on Sem Benelli's lips. He is proud of his "mesta poesia," that lingers so willingly around love and death, that strikes, indeed, a note of yearning melancholy here and there, but that always struts with an air of self-consciousness. In it, too, much is fustian. His love-making never rises above romanticist banality. There is the expression of passion, then the expansion of it in the customary imagery of the flower, the star, the dream. It is in the "Mantellaccio" ("The Comedians") that Sem Benelli's pose as well as the limitations of his verse become most apparent. There the Novice, a fading echo of Cyrano, wins Sylvia, who recalls Roxane, with the sincerity of his poetry, thrown into contrast with the academic drool of the Ardente. After all, Sem Benelli but substitutes the platitudes of neo-romanticism for the platitudes of the Seicento: "Well I know the silent palpitation of thy fair green," the Novice says to the Emerald mask, "the living image of the placid life that is born of dreams from mountain top to deep of sea. Thy garb of emerald recalls to me the joy of my freedom, when, lost in the open fields, I followed my own fancies, forest birds that forever eluded me, and I found the infinite charm of jewels like unto thyself and thy companions. . . ." "Oh, let me leave thee," says Lamberto to Gorgona, "let me leave thee with my lips' thirst quenched with the warm fragrance of thy breath. Thy kiss, thy kiss, oh dear one, is now more sacred than the limitless love of all that lives. . . . Thou smilest more sweetly than the isle that bears thy name mid the waves of the tempest. . . . Oh the infinite, inexhaustible caress of thy wild voice, thy torrential voice, thy voice of night, thy voice of prayer. Thou didst sing to me thy burning love: it awakened me, it soothed me to sleep. . . ."

It may mean little to say that every schoolboy in Italy has been doing this for a century past. But surely a public that has known a Carducci and a D'Annunzio will not ratify the journalistic criticism which heralds in such work the rejuvenation of Italian verse.

We cannot, of course, dissociate Sem Benelli's characters from the language they speak. The vacuity of the one is the vacuity of the other. If there be one serious attempt at psychological analysis in his work,

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it is in the Giuliano of "La Tignola" ("The Bookworm"). Here is a case of the proletarian who has read too much; before the mind of a book-store clerk unfold the glorious visions of Socialism and revolution. On the back of a politician he rises within reach of power. At the crucial moment, when he is called upon to make a hypocritical campaign speech, his flight fails. "For you," says the Duke to Giuliano, "I am an adventurer. I spur you to action. I urge you to overcome certain scruples, certain sickly reluctances. And you accuse me of insincerity. I will tell you one thing: your uprightness is a poor justification of your weakling's soul. You like the small, the insignificant, the cosey nook by the fire with the musty odor of books, the painful sacrifice, useless precisely because performed in the dark. You abhor the spotlight, you prefer to gnaw away in obscurity. On that puny background, on the background of your bookstore, you, like so many others, appear heroic. You made a mistake in leaving it. It was your natural element."

Sem Benelli has an interesting problem here: what are the psychological restraints that confront the "academic" temperament in the struggle with affairs? There are in this play a variety of situations, of which I have given the Duke's interpretation. That interpretation should have come from Giuliano himself. The only modern subject in Sem Benelli's plays, as well as his single prose production, the "Bookworm," has been also the least successful. It lacks the distinctive element in Sem Benelli's special power.

This, I have said, is not in history, nor in poetry, nor in character-building. When Sem Benelli's friends have wearied of foisting upon him a literary eminence he does not deserve and cannot sustain, they will recognize in him a scenic artist of unusual skill and daring. It is daring, for instance, to kill the heroine in the third act of "The Love of the Three Kings." In Butti's "Castle of Dreams" there is the same stroke; but Butti fell back on the "House of Usher" of Poe, and produced a resurrection. Sem Benelli surmounts the difficulty in the figure of the blind king, whose uncanny determination to discover the lover of his son's wife sustains interest to the end. Will Rosmunda destroy Alboin? There is no doubt of that from the second act. But it is daring to shift the emphasis from Alboin to Elmichi, as Sem Benelli does in rapidly developing the part of the subaltern towards the end of the play. Stripping "La Gorgona" of its dross, we get back to a perfect bit of stage mechanism: a tangle of unyielding sense of honor in Marcello, of feminine sensibility restrained by an ironclad vow in Gorgona, of intrepid passion in Lamberto. Lamberto must die, of course, but in an unforeseen way. There is simple vaudeville fun in the "Cena delle beffe" and in the "Mantellaccio" ("The Comedians"); an audience will crowd even to a picture-play to see a man undress inside a barrel, and to see a philanderer tied helpless in a chair at the mercy of his victims. If, as in "The False Patriot," a poet, in love with his aunt, kills his uncle, something exciting is sure to happen. No one knows this better than Sem Benelli. These artificial situations are dressed for public parade with a perfect sense of stage effect: historical "atmosphere," romanticist commonplaces unrolled in a fluent verse, and if this is not sufficient, music itself, are brought in to detract attention from the unreality of the wax and sawdust mannequins that people Sem Benelli's artistic world. His name has been used too often as a parasol for D'Annunzio. It could better serve as a refutation of the old saw that Italians have no control over dramatic technique.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON.

The mad race for something new, which lately prompted the Russian composer, Scriabine, to call perfumes and colors to the aid of his symphonic music, has resulted in Paris in an equally odd experiment, by the opera composer, Isidore de Lara, in uniting speech and operatic song with moving pictures. This "poetic and musical fantasy" is called "Don Juan," and at the performance it was preceded by the playing of Massenet's "Don Juan," the recitation of Baudelaire's "Don Juan," and the singing of airs from Mozart's opera of the same name. In De Lara's "fantasy" three young women, who are unhappy though married, tell one another their adventures with a strangely fascinating man who made love to them in turn in the park. The cinematograph pictures the details. Then this irresistible man appears on the stage. The three husbands run on, too, rapier in hand, and ask who he is. He replies, in "a song of much dramatic power," that he is the immortal Don Juan, the genius of the species. The husbands lunge at him, and he vanishes, while the three wives, who have appeared in the background, burst out laughing. Isidore de Lara frankly admits that he is the librettist and moving-picture arranger, as well as the composer, of this curiosity.

The playwright who arranged "Sumurun" has written a libretto which is to be set to music by Paul von Klenau, the composer of the opera "Sulamith." The hero of this forthcoming opera is one of Holberg's most amusing characters, the peasant Jeppe.

One of the novelties of the next opera season in Boston is to be Weingartner's new opera, "Cain and Abel," which will be given under his own direction. He is to be the chief conductor through two months. "Parsifal" is to be added to the repertory.

According to the most trustworthy of all musical books of reference, Riemann's "Musiklexikon," Paganini was born October 27, 1782. In the latest biography of this famous Italian violinist, by Julius Kappe (Berlin: Shuster & Loeffler), the date is given as February 18, 1784; but the author does not give his authority therefor. Kappe calls this biography of Paganini "The Romance of His Life," and there is no lack of curious incidents to justify this sub-title. The book includes an estimate of the famous Italian's art by the most popular of present-day teachers of his instrument, Sévczik.

The Harvard *Musical Review* tells a harrowing tale of the difficulties in the way of maintaining an orchestra in a university. The Pierian Sodality is an ancient and honorable organization, dating back to the time when its name probably did not seem ridiculous; yet it will never rival its neighbor, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, if only for the reason that every year one-quarter of its members depart and are replaced by freshmen. A still greater drawback lies in the fact that the conductor never knows how many of the different kinds of instruments will be at his disposal. For instance, during the past term there was a dearth of certain wind instruments, the orchestra having to do without horns or oboes, but being well supplied with flutes, clarinets, trumpets, and trombones. In other years the situation has been reversed. "One year there will be a perfect balance between the sections, and the next there may be a complete absence of inner parts, necessitating an elaborate system of *culing* among the violas and 'cellos."

For less than two dollars it will be possible this summer to hear Wagner's four Nibelung operas in Berlin, as presented in the Theater des Westens by the ensemble of the New Opera of Hamburg. Before the expiration of the copyright, an invasion of this kind would have been impossible. The enterprise is managed by the "Neue Freie Volksbühne," or People's Theatre, an organization which has for one of its objects the gratification of those who cannot afford to patronize the regular theatres or opera houses. It numbers at present about 50,000 members. The initiation fee is twenty-four cents, and the average price for an operatic or theatrical performance is about the same.

Art

THE LAVERY EXHIBITION.

LONDON, July 3.

A retrospective exhibition is a test from which many artists shrink. But John Lavery can face it with the courage of a man who knows that the stage of success and popularity he has reached makes everything he has done and may do acceptable in England. In the catalogue of his show recently opened at the Grosvenor Gallery, is a list of the honors heaped upon him at home and on the Continent. In the Gallery his large royal group, exhibited last year at the Academy, holds the most important centre and serves as a reminder that he has attained the distinction perhaps most craved by, certainly most useful to, the fashionable portrait painter. Altogether, he can afford to be sure of himself and his place, and, in this pleasant confidence, he has withheld next to nothing from the present collection.

The earliest painting dates back to 1879-80, the latest from the present year; in between is a long series, though by no means exhaustive, filling the four rooms and the entrance hall of the Grosvenor Gallery: an amazing proof of his industry and facility. It is this that strikes one first—the enormous amount of work he has accomplished in the last thirty-four years, and also, it should be added, the excellent level of workmanship he has managed to maintain. But

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one is even more struck with the fact that his most interesting work is his earliest. In it his development can be traced through the various influences under which he came. There are paintings which seem to show him lingering before the shrine of Bastien-Lepage, still the great master when Lavery was young. There are others, a far larger number, from the time when he, as one of the little group of men who called themselves the Glasgow School, exhibited with them at the old Grosvenor Gallery—the last exhibition given at the old Grosvenor—when they took London, or rather critical London, by storm. One by one, I see again the familiar canvases—the Ariadne, the Tennis Party, the Dawn after Langside, 1568, the often-painted Bridge at Grez, the numerous portraits—that appeared in the now famous Grosvenor exhibition, or at the shows of the then youthful New English Art Club, or in his own first "one-man" show at the Goupil Gallery.

The painters of the Glasgow School were the first to tell you that their masters were McTaggert—now as then all too little known outside of Scotland—the Japanese, and Whistler; indeed, they did more than tell you, they insisted with a good deal of emphasis upon the recognition of their artistic genealogy. It is difficult to trace McTaggert in Lavery, but his debt to Whistler and the Japanese is not far to seek. From them he learned to respect decorative value in his design, to appreciate the manner of placing a subject on his canvas, and the importance of a definite decorative scheme.

Much may always be learned by following the growth of the student, or the young artist, through the successive influences to which he has willingly, even obsequiously, submitted. But the survival of interest depends upon the success with which he realizes his own individuality in the process and expresses it after he has ceased to be the student or the disciple. This is the point, the honest must admit, where Lavery's work begins to be less stimulating. He long continued to be influenced by others. One later portrait suggests de la Gandara, another Courtois, and a third to-morrow may recall somebody else. But all the same, in the 'nineties he began to be unmistakably Lavery—and Lavery arrived does not quite fulfil the promise of Lavery studying and struggling to arrive. He has never forgotten the decorative truths taught to him by Whistler and the Japanese. It is seldom that his figure or his composition is not well placed on his canvas—one reason why his paintings are at a first glance usually so pleasing. But in emancipating Lavery, he evolved Lavery mannerisms. One after another of his later triumphs, belonging to the period when the Glasgow School had ceased to be more than a memory, are included: Spring, Father and Daughter, lent by the Luxembourg; R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, lent by the Corporation of Glasgow; The Lady in Pink, lent by the municipality of the City of Venice; many others lent by national or municipal galleries, innumerable portraits of himself, his wife, his daughter, a long succession of women of fashion. The names of his sitters and his patrons in the catalogue alone explain the popular eminence he has achieved, the official patronage he has received. But you cannot see so many of his paintings together without realizing the monotony of color, the artificiality of pose, the reduction of life and character to a formula, the subserviency to the fashionable sitter, which are now the chief characteristics of his portraits. Of late he has been working in Tangier, there painting marines and landscapes full of reminiscences of Whistler, and it may be that, in the end, this healthy escape from the London studio will help him to free himself from the heavy yoke of fashion to which only the genius among portrait painters never bows the neck. N. N.

We have received the "Catalogue of Books Relating to Architecture, Construction, and Decoration in the Public Library of the City of Boston," which has now appeared in a second edition, with an additional section on City Planning. It is published by the trustees of the Boston Public Library.

The most "lyrical" of the year's paintings in Paris is the work of a woman. Mademoiselle Hélène Dufau has long painted decorations for orders that men successful in the art might well envy—at the Sorbonne, for the house of the poet Rostand, and others of like spread. From her beginning with a Marie Bashkirtseff in 1895, she had a succession of high honors until, in 1909, the state knighted her in the Legion of Honor. This year she exhibits a mural decoration "not made to order"—presumably to content herself. It is Eros and Psyché in an Earthly Garden. Like most earthly things, the garden is very solid, and it is shimmering in splendor, and the figures are very light and ethereal and pagan as Love and the Soul are apt to be, and there is animated Nature rich with tigers and nymphs.

The work contrasts with the numerous and vast mural paintings of male artists—which have been ordered—and which seem to show that these Latin countries of repose are losing, with men at least, their artistic emotions under modern pressure. An exception—and even he won his first honors thirty-one years ago—is Ernest Laurent, who may still stand for New Art in portraits, though he seems utterly a stranger to Americans. The truth is he gives no sign of commercial sense, but he has had votes from brother artists for the grand Medal of Honor. His work is discreet, intimate, of affection that runs not the streets nor turns the home into a stage for those whose pleasure is excitement and publicity—portraits of what the French call the "interior," with gentle lights and dainty colors for furnishings as of some hidden house of life. Rochegrosse, who was once the coming master, frankly acknowledges this dying out of poetic emotion in the title of his big picture, The Death of the Purple. Amid the smoke of factories, a figure radiating light from purple drapery, lies prone, clutching a lyre—and a man in coarse brown modern coat stands sobbing. And some say it is the death of Poesy in our material age, and others that it is Nero or whosoever represents Culture and Power.

The collections of the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly, known as the Musée Condé, are described by Mrs. J. P. Richter in a sumptuous volume with profuse and excellent illustrations, under the title "Chantilly" (Scribner; $6 net). The text of the work is rather agreeable than important, and consists of two parts, a gossiping account of the history of Chantilly and a desultory description of the treasures housed there. But as a picture-book it is full of delights. The Musée Condé is famous, in particular, for its specimens of the French primitives. It contains the "Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry," by Pol de Limbourg and his brothers, the Book of Hours executed for Etienne Chevalier by Jean Fouquet, and numerous examples of the work of their successors in French portraiture, culminating in the drawings of Jean and François Clouet. While presenting examples of the wide range of the collections, from an archaic Greek bronze Athena to a blatant Détaille, Mrs. Richter has wisely concentrated on early French art, and has rendered a service by making thus accessible a group of admirable reproductions of work too little known by the general public.

Finance

OUR GREAT WHEAT CROP.

There were two points on which interest and curiosity converged in last week's monthly Government crop report—the height to which the estimate of wheat yield had been raised and the initial indication of the corn crop. For the wheat crop—of which the greater part is now practically harvested—the Department of Agriculture's figures are most extraordinary. The average condition assigned to the winter-sown wheat is not only 12½ per cent. above the July condition of last year's record-breaking winter crop, but nearly 14 per cent. above the ten-year average.

Never but once in the thirty-five past years has the present condition been exceeded in July, and then (in 1891) the acreage under winter wheat was smaller by 25 per cent. than it is to-day. When a veteran wheat operator in Chicago, after the Government's April estimate, predicted a total wheat yield of 900,000,000 bushels, or 18 per cent. above the previous maximum, he was looked upon as a dreamer. But the Department itself last week foreshadowed a total crop of no less than 930,000,000.

The great Southwestern drought of 1913, with a resultant loss of 420,000,000 bushels from the July estimate on the corn crop, and the smallest yield in eleven years, left something for 1914 to correct. How much of the interior trade depression, since last autumn, was a consequence of this harvest shortage, it is impossible to say. Farm communities which, instead of having a huge surplus of their staple product to sell, are compelled to buy corn from elsewhere to feed their own cattle, are not very likely to be heavy purchasers of Eastern merchandise. Every one knows into what depths of depression the

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failure of the corn crop in 1894 plunged the United States.

Last week's estimate on the corn crop was the first of the present season. Its condition, 85.8 per cent., was 1 per cent. above the July average of the past ten years, and the present indicated yield would, if fulfilled, be exceeded only by the harvests of 1912, 1910, and 1906. On the other hand, condition, acreage, and indicated yield were all higher still in July a year ago; yet the crop in the end ran disastrously short. But even when that July report of 1913 was being published, the cornfields of Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska, long ill-supplied with moisture, were beginning to wither in the drought. Last month's abundant rainfall made it possible for the Government, in its weekly bulletin of June 30, to say that conditions in that section were "in the main ideal," and to add, a week ago, that "the crop is in excellent condition."

Early in the present year, an eminent financier, noted as one of the most astute and successful forecasters of the movements of finance, had this to say of the American situation: The January rise on the Stock Exchange and the February spurt of recovery in trade were quite false starts; there was much to be liquidated and overcome, in our own and the foreign markets, before any genuine trade revival could begin. The framework was already sound and strong in its fundamentals; but we must not delude ourselves into thinking that a period of gloom and despondency, between then and the middle of 1914, could be avoided. When that psychological moment should arrive—so the forecast proceeded—everything would depend upon the harvest. If we had crops of average magnitude, the real recovery would begin.

The middle of 1914 has arrived, and Nature has certainly done her part. It has been as nearly perfect a season for the fortunes of the great winter wheat crop as the vicissitudes of seasons can permit. The richest production has fallen to the lot of the very section which was hit hardest and which suffered longest by the corn shortage of 1913. The long blanket of heavy winter snows, which prepared the ground and helped along the summer rainfall for the early-planted wheat, has done the same service for the corn crop. If complaint is made that the quite unparalleled magnitude of the wheat harvest is forcing down the price, the answer is that records have been broken, not only in the total yield, but in the average yield per acre. This means that the wheat which an individual farmer has to sell has increased in an unusual ratio—not that his market for an ordinary supply from his own farm is taken away by other competing producers.

Undoubtedly, there is left the question whether, even so, the price of wheat will hold on a basis remunerative to the farmer throughout the season. That depends mainly on two things—his financial or physical facilities for selling his product gradually, so as not to overwhelm the market all at once, and the season's harvests in the foreign wheat-producting states, which will regulate European demand for our own great export surplus. The harvest is of such utterly abnormal magnitude that the first of these considerations is more perplexing than usual. The second must be largely left for later developments.

One of our greatest competitors in the world's wheat-consuming market—India—has run 44,000,000 bushels short of last year's production, which would leave her much the smallest yield in half a dozen years. Of Hungary, the fourth largest European wheat producer, the Liverpool and Vienna trade dispatches report the outlook as distinctly unfavorable. It seems already certain that Russia cannot possibly duplicate its great crop of last year, and meantime the reserve of old wheat in the world's storehouses and ocean grain fleets is 28,000,000 bushels under last July. All these are influences which will operate favorably towards finding a market for our own huge wheat crop.

But it is still too early to be sure what will happen to the rest of the foreign harvests. These shortages may yet be made up elsewhere; one is not apt to learn the full facts as to the international harvest until far on in the summer. Even in such years as 1897 and 1879, when our own bumper wheat crop came to market in a European famine season—with remarkable results on American commerce and finance—it was August before we really knew what had happened in the foreign grain-fields.

It is not, however, too early to direct attention to the manner in which the Western farmer greets the news of the record-breaking harvest, as contrasted with the attitude of the Southern planter when his bumper cotton crops of 1904 and 1911 began to move. No one has heard of Kansas farmers holding conventions to propose that somebody make a bonfire of his wheat. No conventions of wheat growers are being held, and no conclaves of United States Senators from the grain belt, to insist that Congress do something instantly to insure the maintenance, in a full-crop season, of the prices reached in a famine year.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.

Brown. Alice. My Love and I. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Dixon, Thomas. The Victim. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Harrison, H. A Lad of Kent. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Mabie, L. K. The Lights Are Bright. Harper. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Andreyev, Leonid. Love of One's Neighbor. Albert & Charles Boni. 40 cents net.
Everyman's Library: Poetry and the Drama. Björnson's Plays. Hebbel's Plays. The Grettir Saga. The Two Boyhoods and Other Pages and Passages. Asgard and the Norse Heroes. Eric and Enid. Dutton. 35 cents net each.
Flexner, B., and Baldwin, R. N. Juvenile Courts and Probation. Century.
Gollancz, Herman. Sepher Maphteah Shelomo. (Book of the Key of Solomon.) London: Oxford University Press. Price, £2 2s. net.
Home University Library: The Growth of Europe. William Morris. The Wars Between England and America. Chaucer and His Times. Holt. 50 cents net each.
Keltie, J. S. The Statesman's Year-Book, 1914. Macmillan. $3.
Lamb, W. R. M. Clio Enthroned. Cambridge University Press (Putnam). $3.
Lowe, Orton. Literature for Children. Macmillan. 90 cents.
Lynch, Ella F. Educating the Child at Home. Harper. $1 net.
McGraw, J. J. How to Play Baseball. Harper. 60 cents.
Porterfield, A. W. German Romanticism. Ginn. $1 net.
Robertson, J. L. Nature in Books. Oxford University Press.
Sears, F. W. How to Attract Success. New Thought Publishers. $1.80.
Southard, C. Z. Trout Fly-Fishing in America. Illustrated. Dutton. $7.50 net.
Wilcox, Ella Wheeler. The Art of Being Alive. Harper. $1 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Blakiston. The Bible of To-day. Cambridge: University Press. 3s. net.
Meyer, F. B. Through the Bible Day by Day. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union.
Wasson, Rev. E. A. Religion and Drink. Burr Printing House.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Cantrill, T. G. Coal Mining. Putnam. 40 cents net.
Kirkaldy, A. W. Economics and Syndicalism. Cambridge University Press (Putnam). 40 cents.
Opdycke, J. B. News, Ads, and Sales. The Use of English for Commercial Purposes. Macmillan. $1.25.
Owen, D. Ocean Trade and Shipping. Cambridge University Press (Putnam). $3.25.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

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